



No. 138.—VOL. XI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS ROSE NORREYS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBROKE CRESCENT, W.

THE SAD CASE OF MISS ROSE NORREYS.

The case of Miss Rose Norreys is peculiarly pathetic. Born in America, of Irish parents, from whom she probably inherited that nervous temperament which is so conspicuous in the artist, "Genie" Norreys—for she came to be known as Rose after playing a part of that name—spent most of her life in this country. In 1887 she made her débüt, appearing as 'Guster' in "Jo," and for eight years her energy and her aspirations knew no bounds. At the Court Theatre she made her mark in the trio of Pinner farces, "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick." She made a charming Arthur in "King John," produced by Mr. Tree at the Crystal Palace. Indeed, she invariably delighted playgoers in a series of parts which, if not demanding great dramatic power, were invariably invested with an air of distinction, more often due to her acting than to their actual interest. Her portraits of the blind girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and the lame girl in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket, will long be remembered for their delicacy and convincing sincerity. She created, in fact, quite a little gallery of pictures, notably Jeanne in "A Village Priest," and Nora in "A Doll's House," while her Sweet Lavender was at once pretty and pathetic. Some time ago, Miss Norreys became an inmate of Charing Cross Hospital, and when she got better, she was rescued from her state of destitution by Mr. Charles Wyndham, who gave her a part in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Unhappily, her mental condition made it a case of rebellious Rose. After rehearsing her part, with great success, Miss Norreys mysteriously disappeared, and seems to have been unheard of until the end of August,

when she was found early one morning in Upper George Street in a delirious condition, after having spent a night in the Park. She was taken to Marylebone Workhouse, and eventually removed to Colney Hatch, where she is now detained. She fancies herself the object of constant persecution. Indeed, her mind is quite unhinged; yet it is believed that in a short time she will have sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed from the asylum. But what then? She has no means whatever. Mr. Edward Ledger, of the *Era*, has made an appeal to the profession for funds which would enable Miss Norreys to get a long rest in the country, where, under firm management, it is hoped she will ultimately recover. Seldom has a more deserving case come before the notice of playgoers, for the lady's melancholy plight is not of her own inducing, and we have great pleasure in reiterating to our readers the appeal which Mr. Edward Ledger has made more directly to the members of the profession of which Miss Norreys was so distinguished an example. Subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Ledger, 49, Wellington Street, Strand.



MISS NORREYS.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

In a certain Northern town celebrated for its strict Sabbatarianism, there lived, not so very long ago, a stalwart parson who bounded into notoriety by coining a phrase expressive of his detestation of dancing, which he described as a series of "springs and flings" and "close-bosomed whirling." His words and his warning have become only a reminiscence of eccentricity, for the latest addition to periodical literature is a penny monthly journal, entitled the *Dancing Times*, which skips on to the floor under the somewhat apologetic moral, "There is a time for all things." Its birth is chronicled in order to show what curious freaks the printing-press will perpetrate.



IN "A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

BURTON'S "ARABIAN NIGHTS." *

The "Arabian Nights" is indeed a book with a story, as few books except the Bible, Homer, and Shakspere are; but, as is the case with those famous books, the story is an obscure one. Not all the learning of East and West has yet definitely settled where these famous stories originally came from, or by whom they were written. Associating them with Arabia as we do, it is strange to think that they were probably at one time an importation into Arabic literature, as at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were an importation into French, and thence into European literature generally. India, Syria, and Persia have each been declared the fountain-head of this "Ocean of the streams of story." Burton's conclusion was that "the framework of the book is purely Persian perfunctorily Arabised, the archetype being the Hazár Afsánah." Burton is, further, of opinion that the greater part of the book was probably Arabised in the thirteenth century, though some of the tales are as late as the sixteenth century—some, perhaps, as early as the eighth. Like the Iliad, it was, doubtless, the work of many authors and editors, and for two of the best-known of the stories—no less than "Aladdin" and "The Forty Thieves"—we have no other authority but that of Galland, the great European god-father of the "Nights," the manuscripts from which he is believed to have adapted them having been lost. Galland published the first part of his famous translations at Caen in 1704, under the title of "Des Mille et une Nuit, Contes Arabes traduits en François." The concluding part did not appear till 1717, two years after his death. Galland very much used his discretion in his treatment of his original; but, if it were the discretion of a literary Frenchman of the eighteenth century—yet it was the discretion of an artist, and Burton has no praise warm enough for this literary Columbus of the East.

In the learned "Terminal Essay" Burton gathers some interesting gossip of the reception of the "Nights" in England. Pope, in 1720, sent two volumes to Bishop Atterbury, who doesn't appear to have relished them, and who "stated it to be his opinion, founded on the frequent descriptions of female dress, that they were the work of some Frenchman." Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate for Scotland, is said to have scolded his daughters for reading them one Saturday evening, "the evening before the Sabbath," but he himself was found deep in them the next morning—the Sabbath itself—having sat up, fascinated by them, all through the night.

It is a little hard to realise that "The Arabian Nights," as we know them, are so recent an importation into European literature, just as it is strange to think that on one certain morning in the eighteenth century, and never before, there was "Robinson Crusoe" waiting to be read for the first time!

Apart from the general history of the "Nights," Sir Richard Burton's translation, of course, has its own somewhat turbulent story. It was originally projected in collaboration with Burton's great friend and dedicatee, the German Orientalist, Steinhæuser, as far back as 1852. But Steinhæuser's death left Burton alone with his colossal task, which occupied him for nearly a third of a century, charming away the hours of his *ennui* in solitary consulates in Africa and South America. In the autumn of 1884 Burton issued a now historic circular from Trieste, and the first volume, dated, "Benares: MDCCCLXXXV: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers only," was published on Sept. 12, 1885. It at once received high and cordial recognition from all save one or two jealous Orientalists and some prurient critics, who abused Burton for the "pornography" of those "anthropological" notes which he maintained were necessary for a complete understanding of Arabian manners, and on which, indeed, he laid stress as one of the most valuable features of his edition. Instead of treating these various attacks with the contempt they deserved, he embarked upon a virulent paper war with his critics, and, later on, filled a good half of one of his volumes with what he calls "The Biography of the Book," in which he reproduces all the forgotten journalistic bitterness on this side and that with childish accuracy. Reading this, one cannot resist the conclusion that, badly treated as Burton undoubtedly was, both by the Government and the Press of his country, he was, all the same, an unduly irritable and petulant man, often making a very great bother about comparatively small or, at any rate, very familiar annoyances. He even thinks it worth while to record a hitch with the Post Office over the postage of his original circulars, and goes into details about the bad behaviour of his subscribers. However, these are matters the interest of which has already passed away, and to which I should have made no reference were not a considerable part of the twelfth volume of Mr. Leonard Smithers' new edition of Burton's translation devoted to perpetuating them. The great work remains. Of its value Burton himself was far from being unaware. "Men have been crowned with gold in the Capitol," he says, "for lesser services rendered to the Republica;" and he is his own valiant trumpeter on several other occasions. However, neither he nor anyone else could overestimate the greatness and thoroughness of his work; and whatever the original subscribers may have to say, there is no doubt that the balance of literary duty was on the side of Mr. Smithers in bringing out a new edition which no longer confines a noble translation of one of the world's great books to the shelves of pornographic and speculative collectors. Moreover, for the peace of the latter, be it added that some thirty or forty pages of the original have been omitted in this reprint, which is hardly less handsome in *format* than the original, and exceedingly cheap.

R. LE G.

* "The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." Translated from the Arabic by Captain Sir R. F. Burton. Reprinted from the original edition, and edited by Leonard C. Smithers. London: H. S. Nichols and Co.

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Sept. 18, 1895.

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Mrs. Herring's beautiful animals have long been known to me from the show-benches, but until this day I had no idea how complete

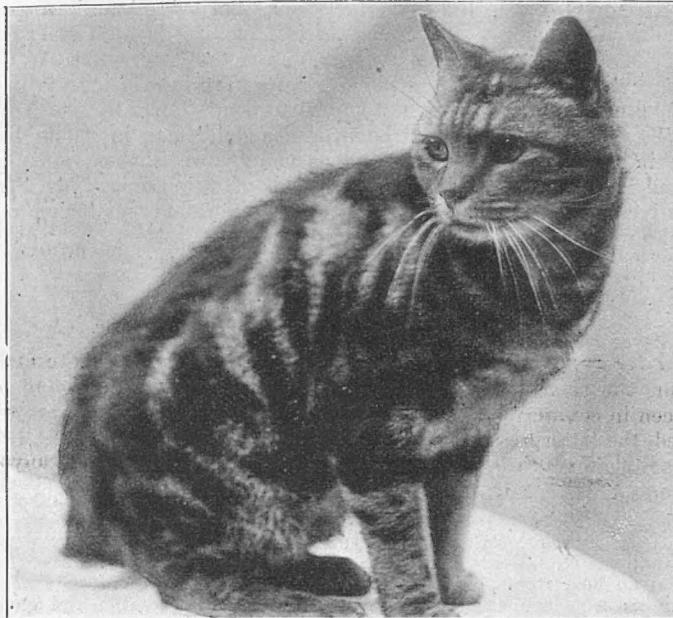


MRS. HERRING AND HER PETS.
Photo by Percival Turner, Adam Street, W.C.

After inspecting these, Mrs. Herring took me to the ladies' quarters and the nurseries. Here I saw again the splendid Siamese cat Queen Rhea, who was the admired of all admirers at Cruft's Cat Show in the Royal Aquarium in March of this year. She is a stately and regal dame, and

the proud mother of some handsome kittens, who have inherited her fine, close, creamy-white fur, chocolate-brown ears and muzzle, and brilliant blue eyes. Their sire is a cat imported from Singapore. Here, also, was the Cheetah cat Lady Agnes, a breed from India which bears a close resemblance to the Russian. Many of these their mistress will not sell at any price, one or two at fifty guineas, but some delightful kittens she will part with, to a good home, for much smaller sums.

Mrs. Herring's pretty rooms, with their wealth of old china and valuable pictures, contain many trophies in the way of silver cups and vases of the victorious competitions of her cats, as well as many rare books, including a volume of *Ally Sloper*, won by a cat of the



SIR PETER TEAZLE.
Photo by Percival Turner, Adam Street, W.C.



BLUE JACK.



QUEEN IRENE.

in everything conduced to their comfort, pleasure, and general well-being their home life has been made by their devoted mistress.

On an emerald lawn some splendid full-grown cats lay basking in the sun, while the lovely fluffy kittens amused themselves tumbling one another over with all the natural grace and true poetry of motion inherent to most young animals.

There was the beautiful blue champion Jimmy, and the graceful Chinchilla Irene; the stately English tabbies, Sir Peter Teazle and Tommy Dodd; the magnificent orange King Harry, and an exquisite pure-blue kitten with topaz eyes, the offspring of Queen Nita and Blue Jack, with many others, most of them the winners of numberless firsts, specials, team, brace, and challenge prizes.

Along a wall which encloses the end of the lawn, and half hidden by a shrubbery, are the pens for the day accommodation of the Toms, their night-houses being in a different part of the grounds. One of these pens was occupied by a graceful pair of ladies, Cora, a splendid Russian cat, and Queen Indiana, a snow-white beauty with turquoise-blue eyes.

same name, and having the most unique autograph of the donor on its first page.

"These are my medals," said Mrs. Herring, unlocking the box which her dear dead retriever Carlo used to bear suspended round his neck when on many Hospital Saturdays he collected at Charing Cross for the London hospitals. What a display it was. There were gold, silver, and bronze medals and pendants, those of the National Cat Club bearing a special design by Harrison Weir; Crystal Palace medals, Brighton Aquarium, Canterbury, Clifton, Tunbridge Wells, the Animals' Institute in Kinterton Street, Knightsbridge—from all these shows there were these testimonies to the perfections of Mrs. Herring's cats.

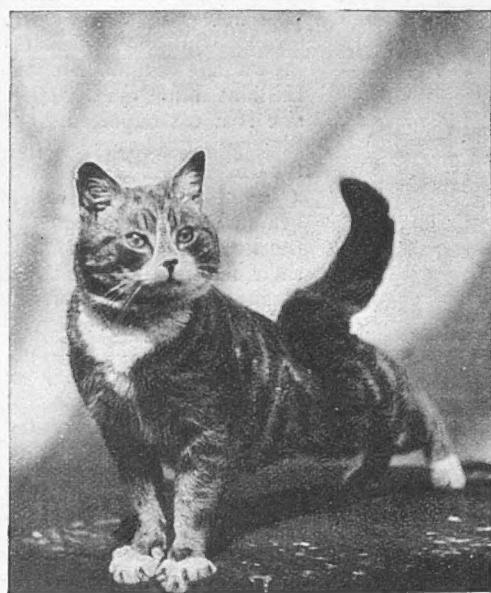
"Have you shown cats many years?" I asked my genial hostess.

"In 1877 I first exhibited Chin, a lovely silver-grey Chinchilla, and was so successful that at the next cat show I sent a pair, and since then I have gone on increasing until now I have about fifty cats and kittens here. It is not all pleasure," she went on. "Last winter, and during the cruel spring which followed it, I lost some fine cats and lovely kittens,

These also are some of my dead pets," pointing to some fine skins mounted full-size and tiger-fashion. "This was Dick, who won the Crystal Palace gold medal in 1891; this Lady Minnie; and here is the skin of my Siamese cat Prince Chang."

Mrs. Herring's cats are well known for deeds of charity, as their kind-hearted mistress has several times exhibited them and allowed them to collect for different institutions. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is one of many which have benefited by their mute appeals.

Full of admiration as I was for these beautiful felines, and at their mistress's arrangements for their comfort, I had plenty left for her even still more fascinating pack of tiny King Charles Spaniels, who are the perfection of breeding and good manners. Two of these, Duke of Buckingham and Princess Voska, were exhibited at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Ranelagh in June last, and were greatly and justly admired. It was indeed a pretty sight to see



PRINCE GEORGE.

Photo by Percival Turner, Adam Street, W.C.

eight or ten of these beauties disporting themselves on the lawn. Some are included in the photo reproduced of Mrs. Herring and her pets. Prince Lestock is at her feet, El Dorado and Princess Voska in her lap, Duke of Buckingham on the table beside her, while the cats, Lady Snow, Queen Irene, Braemore, and others, make up the "happy family." Besides these, there is the Duchess of Teck—a very merry duchess indeed, and as sweet as she is beautiful—and others, not to mention some lovely puppies which are for sale. I longed to be a millionaire, to take away as many of the crowd with me as their mistress would part with.

Mrs. Herring, though a most evident object of adoration to her dogs, confesses that her cats are nearer her heart, and asserts positively that,



With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?—GRAY.

Photo by Miss Davenport Adams, Putney.

if properly treated, they are the equals of dogs in intelligence and affection.

After a prolonged and most enjoyable visit, I reluctantly tore myself away from "Pussy's Paradise," bearing with me a pen-and-ink drawing by Miss Rosa Bebb, of Ridgeway Park Road, Bristol—some of whose water-colours adorn the walls—as well as several photographs which Mrs. Herring had kindly lent for reproduction.

L. S.

"ANOTHER SECRETARY."

Mr. Willis Searle, who has succeeded two well-nigh perfect Rev. Robert Spaldings in "The Private Secretary," has now shown Londoners that he is a comedian of no mean order, for his fund of humour is inexhaustible, and his movements are graceful and quick, but, then, he adds dancing to his many accomplishments. He has been on the boards for some fifteen years, having entered the profession as soon as he left school. His first experiences were with companies in which the salaries were "whatever you can do with"; but he very soon joined that most excellent school of acting, in Margate, which is presided over by Miss Sarah Thorne, under whose management he played for several stock and pantomime seasons. It was there, he considers, he gained his most useful experience, though he says his most delightful engagement, up to date, was the three years he spent with Mr. F. R. Benson, during which time he created the rôle of Puck for him, his impersonation of the "Tricky Sprite" being as elfish a one as has ever been seen, a success he repeated later with Mr. Ben Greet's "Woodland Players." In pantomime his greatest success has probably been Mrs. Crusoe, for he has the gift of being inimitably "funny without being vulgar."

Another of his great hits has been the immortal Babs, the title rôle in "Charley's Aunt," a part he introduced to America and South Africa, playing in the former country under Mr. Charles Frohman's banner, and in the latter under Mr. Charles Hawtrey's. Among some of his best parts have been Diggory in "She Stoops to Conquer," Pete in "The Octoroon," Corin in "As You Like It," Sir Benjamin in "The School for Scandal," Fag in "The Rivals," Box in "Box and Cox," as well as many more Shaksperian and old-comedy rôles, even straying into the fields of melodrama. Mr. Searle is a native of the little Surrey town of necropolitan and crematorium renown, but he was educated entirely at Highbury.

MR. WILLIS SEARLE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.

"ALL ABROAD."

We have received the following letter on the subject of the article on this opera which appeared in our issue of last week—

14, Bedford Street, Covent Garden,
London, W.C., Sept. 12, 1895.

SIR,—Our client, Miss Cissy Grahame, has consulted us upon the article in your publication of yesterday's date upon the opera called "All Abroad." In that article you state that the poster used for the opera is obviously taken from a sketch of Mr. Dudley Hardy's. This statement, whilst being without foundation, is a Contempt of Court, as the question is now the subject of a pending action in the High Court of Justice. We have, therefore, to inform you that, unless we hear from you by return of post that you will in your next issue publish, as conspicuously as the article referred to, a retraction and apology for the statement complained of, our instructions are to at once proceed against you.—Yours obediently,

WILKINSON, HOULETT, AND WILKINSON.

We take this, the earliest opportunity, of withdrawing the statement that "the poster used for the opera is obviously taken from a sketch by Mr. Dudley Hardy," and express our regret that such a statement should have been made in these columns.

I have to congratulate very heartily Mr. George D. Goman on his appointment to the editorship of the *Hampshire Observer*. Mr. Goman has done good service for ten years on the *Surrey Times*, the leading Liberal paper in the county, and has, besides, written a good deal for the more famous *Times*. I believe I am right in saying that the admirably correct articles in the *Times* dealing with the deaths of Lord Tennyson and Professor Tyndall were from his pen. Mr. Goman has "a way with him" which conquers all difficulties. Some of his experiences are most interesting. He once persuaded a bishop to read his sermon to him before it was delivered; and once, no less important a personage than Lord Russell of Killowen consented to summarise a political oration in order that Mr. Goman might get it reported in time for a London daily. Then he described the funerals of Charles Bradlaugh, Baron Huddleston, the Comte de Paris, Sir Samuel Baker, and I know not how many other celebrities who rest after life's fitful fever.

The incandescent burner is a boon. When used in conjunction with the Surprise Pendant made by Messrs. Best and Lloyd, Birmingham, it gives a wonderful effect, one burner consuming only four feet of gas per hour, and brilliantly lighting up a room 18 ft. by 14 ft. The air is kept pure, the ceiling and decorations free from injury by smoke, and the maximum of comfort and light attained at the minimum of expense. Pendants and fittings designed upon this system are now being made in many elegant forms, both for use with gas and with electric light.



MRS. POPE AS JULIET.

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand."

PAINTED BY M. A. SHEE, R.A.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falcons, fly at anything we see."

It happened to a friend of mine, one very wet day, to find himself in the island of Sark. The visitors in the hotel, prisoners of the weather, had exhausted their colloquial resources, and were gazing out of window in silent despair, when my friend, an admirable *raconteur*, with a wide experience of men and affairs, began to enliven the company with anecdote. He told them wild tales of far Cashmere, or of social regions equally remote from their experience, tales of great men, poets, legislators, philosophers. Now and then a listener interjected the question, "Do you know Gladstone?" or "Did you ever meet Tennyson?" and the narrator, who knew both those distinguished persons very well, together with many others, answered lightly; and the company stared hard at him, and harder at one another. Presently one rose, murmuring something about billiards, and was followed out by the rest. My friend had a suspicion that his credit had fallen lower and lower with every story, and this was confirmed a few minutes later, when, passing the door of the billiard-room, he heard a voice summing up the general opinion thus: "He's the biggest liar I ever met in my life!" No doubt, the legend of the Ananias of Sark is told by these incredulous citizens to this day. I dare say it lingers by the waters of Harrogate, and cheers the melancholy hydropaths of Pitlochrie, while the attenuated wits of Oban wish they had the good fortune to come across such a superlative professor of the lie circumstantial.

I always think of this story when I read the narratives of reputable people who have taken, late in life, to dabbling in eerie things. There is the well-known case of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, on one occasion, saw a "double." (The indefinite article is very important here, for "seeing double" is quite a different function.) How many of Mr. Lang's readers are prepared to swear they believe that? He accepts, if I mistake not, Joan of Arc's assurance that she was inspired by "voices." How many quizzical sceptics has this simplicity tickled to death? For my own scoffing I am going to do penance presently; but observe now that it is the humorists who are yielding to Joan's inspiration, hallucination, what you will. It is Mark Twain, I understand, who is writing that strange romance about the Maid of Orleans in *Harper's*. "Friends, Britishers, and countrymen, lend me your ears," says Mark Antony Twain, and rolls out this astonishing prose elegy on the peasant girl of Domrémy. In this frame of mind, it is quite fitting that Mark should see a "double." He tells us that, one day at Montreal, in a crowded room, he saw a lady, an old friend he had lost sight of for years. Instead of coming, like the rest of the company, to shake hands, she vanished. Half an hour later, he found her, just arrived, in another room; it was her "double" that had appeared first. She had travelled far to meet him, and her anxious expectation had, he suggests, projected her image upon his retina. With a theory like that, a man ought to have plenty of curious experiences; so I am not surprised that Mark Twain relates several incidents, illustrating the mysterious inkling in the mind of the proximity of certain people, when you have reason to believe that you and they are hemispheres apart.

Clearly, it is Mr. Frank Stockton's turn now. Some years ago he wrote the story of the American gentleman who was drowned, and whose spirit, materialised by pure inadvertence in mistake for someone else, shuffled on this mortal coil to find that he was a good deal younger than his own grandson. A German necromancer was brought over to America by the people who had fallen into the inadvertence, to dematerialise him. It chanced to be his marriage-day, and he was performing his toilet, when he disappeared, leaving nothing but a wedding-garment. It was made clear, however, to the necromancer that lynching would be his portion if it became known in the town that he had spirited away a popular citizen and a bridegroom; so the young man was suddenly restored to his looking-glass, and proceeded to tie an immaculate scarf as though nothing had happened. There is a levity in this fable which Mr. Stockton cannot fail to regret, when he perceives that it is his duty to follow Mark Twain's example in the reverent unfolding of mysteries. Pending this inevitable expiation, I take the opportunity of sitting in sackcloth and ashes, to lament the irresponsible gaiety with which I have treated the experiments of the Psychical Research Society. I have lately made the acquaintance of a "voice" which was also a "double." Mr. Andrew Lang met the image of a lady coming out of the drawing-room before dinner, dressed in blue serge, and immediately afterwards he found the lady in the drawing-room dressed in white. I saw no figure; but the accents of a living person fell on my ear, with a special message to myself, when the living person never addressed me at all, and was engaged in an occupation with which I had no concern.

It fell out in this wise. One night, in a country house, some of the guests had gone to bed, others lingered in the drawing-room at cards, and I was alone in the dining-room with a modest whisky-and-soda and a volume of Shelley. Yes, I can hear the quizzical sceptic murmuring, "Whisky-and-soda," with satirical intent; but it was a very weak potion, scarcely tasted, and the delirium of the "Ode to a Skylark" could not have translated me to "harmonious madness." The door was open, and the drawing-room door, at the other end of the hall, was scarcely twenty feet away. Suddenly, one of the ladies, speaking from that door, and addressing me by name, said, in a clear, ringing voice, "You had better go to bed too." I answered laughingly, "All right," thinking the mandate a little peremptory, more suitable to a scapegrace from the nursery than to a middle-aged trifler with whisky-and-soda and Shelley. Returning to the drawing-room a few minutes later, I protested weakly against this maternal solicitude for my beauty-sleep. The company looked at me in amazement. Nobody had told me to go to bed; the lady I had heard had not moved from her chair. There was absolutely no possibility of mistake on either side. A familiar voice had unquestionably come to my ear; but it was just as unquestionable that the owner of the voice had never uttered the words.

Now, how do you account for this? There were none of the conditions which usually sustain the theory of hallucination. I had not suddenly awoke with a dream-echo in my brain. It was not my usual bed-time, which is ever so much o'clock, but an hour when I am all alive. The frugal jorum I had not drunk was obviously no agent in the affair, though the quizzical sceptic is grinning again. Of course, it would be delightful to suppose that Shelley's skylark had made me think of the melodious voice which had charmed me with ballads in the next room that evening; but, although I trust that, should this meet the lady's eye, she will accept the humble tribute, I do not put it forward as a scientific explanation. No suspicion as to the good faith of the others was possible: they were so much impressed by the incident that they started ghost stories, which ended by making our flesh creep to bed with trembling candlesticks. But this particular mystery has nothing to do with ghosts. The question seems to be, whether the voice of a living person is independent—that is to say, whether, without conscious utterance, it can convey a thought in that person's mind, however transient, to another mind. Do ideas sometimes speak in our voices without our knowledge, and even without our distinct consciousness that we had those ideas at all? I admit that, like the learned constable in the play, I am almost too cunning to be understood; but when voices are wandering about, with no bodily impulse, their performances are not as simple as a bill of fare.

It is rather alarming to reflect that our voices may explain to other people, without our consent, ideas so fleeting as to leave no trace in our own minds. In the case which I deferentially submit to the Psychical Research Society, the information was not momentous. If in one of the labyrinthine recesses of a feminine mind, there stirred for the faintest fraction of an instant the benevolent notion that bed was the best place for me, I should not carry in my bosom a deep and rankling offence. The marvel is that a voice took the trouble to tell me the news in clarion tones. For aught I know, my voice is at this moment telling several people what I think of them! Who can say what mischief an irresponsible vagabond of a voice may do in the course of a day's babble? This is not the case in which one yearning soul calls to another—Rochester to Jane Eyre—annihilating intervening milestones. That is familiar enough; but the voice which violates your confidence, which proclaims to everybody, who ought not to know, the thoughts that are only imperfectly shaped in your own consciousness, is a veritable Edward Hyde of a voice, a too-miraculous organ, which may play the deuce!

I thought of this the other night, when watching Mr. Esmond's play at the St. James's. An old gentleman is fitfully possessed by the spirit of a drunkard and forger, who has been dead for seventy years. He enters into the old gentleman, who becomes unpleasant company; but the drunkard and forger has a keen eye to business, and he applies the old gentleman's money and other people's money to a speculation in diamond-mines; the shares go up, and the old gentleman is a millionaire. I call that distinctly handsome behaviour on the part of a ghostly drunkard and forger, who had nothing to gain personally by the transaction. If there are any more drunkards and forgers in the world of spirits, I can let them comfortable lodgings on the same terms. But to be haunted by a voice is a less inviting experience, unless it were the voice of the "well-known financier" who made two millions of money last Monday week, as ever was, before ten in the morning. I am always at home to that voice; it may tell me to go to bed, or elsewhere, if it will also be good enough to communicate the method of making two millions next Monday. Ten in the morning is a little early for me, but I will make a sacrifice.



MISS ST. CYR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

SMALL TALK.

During the past week, the Queen has been following the ordinary humdrum life which is the principal attraction of her sojourn in the Highlands. From ten to twelve every morning her Majesty goes through the despatch-boxes and attends to her private correspondence, afterwards passing the time, until luncheon is served, either driving in the private grounds of the Castle with Princess Beatrice, visiting some of her special *protégés* in the village of Crathie, or taking a short drive with some of the royal party. The afternoons, during the recent fine weather, have been taken up with long driving-excursions. Twice last week her Majesty has been to drink tea at the cottage in the Glassalt Shiel, and

April, when she will go to Germany for a few weeks before taking up her residence at the Stud House, Hampton Court.

The Duke of Cambridge has again rented the celebrated Six-Mile Bottom shootings, between Newmarket and Cambridge, from Mr. Hall, the nephew and heir of that well-known sportsman, the late General Hall. This estate affords the best partridge-shooting in England. The Duke and the Prince of Wales are to shoot at Six-Mile Bottom either about the middle of next month or early in November.

The Duke of Fife has arranged to have a series of deer-drives in the Glen Derry, Glen Quoich, Glen Ely, and Glen Dee sections of Mar Forest during the stay of the Prince of Wales at Mar Lodge. There



Photo by Lascelles and Co.

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO "THE ALBUM," "IN SHAKSPERE'S COUNTRY," PUBLISHED SEPT. 23.

she has visited the châlet in Ballochbuie Forest. She has also driven by the Lion's Face to Braemar, and, on another occasion, inspected her fine herd of "black doddies" at the Abergeldie Mains Home Farm.

The Braemar Gathering, which was held last week at Old Mar Castle, was largely attended, although none of the royalties from Balmoral were present. There were parties from Invercauld, Mar Lodge, Birkhall, and most of the shooting-lodges in the neighbourhood. The Balmoral Highlanders were mustered at the Castle in the morning, and the Queen witnessed their departure; and the Duff men assembled at Mar Lodge, where they drank to the health of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who were present at the parade. In the evening, the Balmoral men marched back to the Castle, where they dined in the ball-room, under the presidency of Dr. Profeit, the Queen's Commissioner.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are not expected to take up their residence at Sandringham for the winter until quite the end of October, and there will then be a succession of large house-parties at the Hall. The first set of guests will arrive on Saturday, Nov. 2.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, who is staying in the Pyrenees, will return to Biarritz next month, and is to reside there until the end of

will also be drives for roe-deer in Abergeldie and Birkhall Woods before the Prince leaves Scotland for the South.

I do not follow the humours of the Anti-Puritan League. This spirited body is reported to have decided to oppose the renewal of the Empire licence unless the County Council will consent to the restoration of the promenade in its pristine glory. This policy may be described not as cutting off your friend's nose to spite his face, but as cutting off his face, but nobody will repair his damaged nose. Perhaps the Anti-Puritans will put this joke on a rational basis, but at present I cannot see the point.

What is the most historic bit of country in England? It is certainly a puzzling query, and would undoubtedly be answered in different ways by people of different tastes; but to most folk I think Shakspere-land would be the most interesting. The country itself, apart from its associations, is very pretty, and Stratford has a peculiarly old-world aspect. I would refer my readers to next week's issue of the *Album*, the supplement of which deals with the picturesque old town and the neighbourhood. That is only a small part of the contents of the paper, which is generally interesting and bright and beautiful.

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To have the Somalis at dear suburban Sydenham is about as striking a proof of the progress which civilisation has made—if it does not actually foreshadow the fulfilment of Macaulay's prediction about the New Zealander—as one could well have. It is to the genius of Carl Hagenbeck that we are indebted for this invasion of darkest Africa. The Moltke of menagerie-owners, as Hagenbeck is called by Mr. C. J. Cornish in a very interesting article in the forthcoming October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is certainly a wonderful man, and his career reads like a story-book. The *Magazine*, by the way, is unusually interesting this month. Miss Belloc writes a capital article on Caran d'Ache, the great French caricaturist; Mr. Gissing, Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson (who is a sister of our youngest manager), and Mr. Morley Roberts contribute stories; Mr. Wilfred Wembley describes the life of a steeplejack, and Mr. Lucy deals with "Rooms 23 and 24," for the identity of which I refer you to the *Magazine*.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll devotes his London letter in the current issue of the American *Bookman* to the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, where Mr. George Meredith made his maiden speech. In the course of his remarks, he says: "One of our members, Mr. L. F. Austin, is, without a single exception, the best after-dinner speaker I have ever heard. His great literary talents, though well-known to the comparatively small world of journalism, have not brought him prominently before the reading public, and Mr. Austin is a man who disdains the arts of self-advertisement. Nevertheless, some of the brightest and wittiest of contemporary comment and criticism is due to him. And he has latterly become well known to the numerous readers of *The Sketch* by a signed *causerie* which he contributes to that journal. Mr. Austin has been for a considerable time private secretary to Sir Henry Irving, and he published, some years ago, under a pseudonym, a work on that great actor. With this outcome of his powers, however, Mr. Austin's friends are by no means content, and they will not cease urging upon him the duty of doing himself justice. It is hard work, for he is apparently a man without any ambition.

"Another leading member, Mr. Edward Clodd, who is just now the President of the Club, is also eminently felicitous in his little speeches. Mr. Clodd, who is a banker, has very strong literary sympathies, and enjoys the closest friendship with many of the most distinguished among living authors. In his country house at Aldborough, in Suffolk, he is accustomed to entertain such men as Sir Walter Besant, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Barrie, and many others. He is a graceful writer, and especially interested in the popularisation of science. Several of his books have been very widely read.

"Nor should I omit to mention Mr. Henry Norman, the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and one of the most versatile men in the world—a man who can do anything, and who does everything he attempts well. Mr. Norman is well known in America, where he studied, and where he enjoyed the friendship of many famous people. His journeys and studies in the Far East have given him a place of almost unique authority among political journalists, while as a critic and student of literature he stands among the foremost. His collection of

first editions, particularly of American first editions, is almost unrivalled, and I have never had pleasanter afternoons than those spent in the examination of his treasures. Mr. Norman does much political work for the *Chronicle*, but his special task is the preparation of the literary page, which he has made a great and recognised force. The *Daily Chronicle* is almost the only paper of the kind in England which collects and publishes original literary information. Few things escape Mr. Norman's vigilant eye, and he has greatly widened the field lately by becoming a member of the Committee of the Society of Authors. In his capacity he has to consider the complaints of writers against their publishers and against those who will not consent to be their publishers. Mr. Norman's brilliant and charming wife is well known as the author of 'A Girl of the Karpathians' and 'Gallia.' She is at present deep in the preparation of another novel."

The untimely death of Arthur Benham robs our stage of one who should have been among its brightest ornaments. The two plays, "The County" and "The Awakening"—the former played but once, and at a trial matinée, the latter for a short run at the Garrick—hardly brought his name before the public, but the critics saw in them a great gift for character-drawing, a very lively wit and pleasant sense of humour. That the promise in them exceeded performance, seeing

that the author was hardly old enough to be called a young man, is not surprising. A play by the poor lad had been accepted by Mr. Wyndham, and he had completed the first act of a piece for Mr. Bourchier, when death, which always threatened him cruelly, ended his budding career. Not only was he a youth of remarkable ability, but, as a human being, he had great charm, and all who knew him liked him heartily. Though his illness never left him, and it was almost certain that he would never reach man's estate, Arthur Benham was a bright, lively, handsome fellow, who entered eagerly into the little that life offered him. He died at Brighton, tenderly nursed to the last by his sister, Miss Estelle Burney, the young actress who, after a short career, in which, like her brother, she showed great gifts, and even greater promise, retired from the stage to be his nurse. I believe that no little that was good in his works was due to her influence.



THE UP-TO-DATE SOMALI.



A GROUP OF SOMALIS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, HOLBORN.

Despite the outbreaks of heat during the past week or two, I have enjoyed being in town, as I always do in autumn, for it is then one sees the troops of strangers within our gates. They display, as a rule, such unmistakable signs of delight in everything around them, and they have



MISS AIMÉE MOORE.

Photo by Vandyck, Melbourne.

such a frank holiday air about them, that you can't help enjoying their enjoyment and feeling proud of London Town as at no other time of the year. The humours of the crowd demand a jingle—

When the Londoner runs down
To the seaside, and the town
Is emptied of its fashionable mob,
Then the country cousin comes,
With all Europe as his chums,
And the Yankee adds a palpitating throb.
All the strangers at our gates,
From the Colonies or States,
Or from Europe, have distinguishable marks,
As, with Baedeker in hand,
They go wandering in the Strand,
Or saunter by the river or the parks.
They come trooping from the North,
From the Deveron and the Forth,
From Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen,
With a feeling something's "wrang,"
When the "saxpences go bang,"
And an accent that is always evergreen.
There's the Yankee from the West,
In his snowy summer vest
And his very free-and-easy wideawake,
Who, with all his business sense,
Never thinks about expense
When on holiday he comes across the "lake."
There are funny folk from France,
Who gesticulate, and glance
In amazement at the traffic in the street;
They bring lively little maids
Who do up their hair in braids
And always have such natty little feet.
There's the Deutscher (monsieur loathes),
In his badly fitting clothes,
With his Tochter or his fat and frowsy Frau,
Who is often forced to stop
(When the sun is hot) to mop
The beads of perspiration from her brow.
But they're welcome on our shores,
And at London's mighty doors
(The tradesman sees the shekels in their train),
And I wish them safe returns
To the land of bogs and burns,
Or their homes across the Channel or "the Main."

Among the numerous Australians who have visited London this season, few possess a more interesting personality than Miss Aimée Moore, the pretty and talented Melbourne elocutionist. She is one of the three ladies who founded the Austral Salon, the most important

literary and artistic association in Australia. The Countess of Hopetoun was president of it until her departure from the Colonies. As an amateur actress Miss Moore made a reputation, and was the means of raising large sums of money for various charitable purposes.

We have had such a stream of foreign artists lately that I wonder Madame Modjeska has not bethought herself of paying this country another visit. It is years since she played at the old Court Theatre. Meanwhile, she is still an attractive star in America, and her repertory for the forthcoming "fall" season appears to be peculiarly interesting, including, as it does, revivals of "Henry IV," and "Measure for Measure," "Macbeth," "Mary Stuart," and "Magda." In the four last-mentioned plays, the Polish tragédienne represents four very dissimilar types of womanhood.

Those Parisian "chroniqueurs" make history in a mightily queer way. According to one of these gentlemen, I see that the temporary absence of the well-beloved "Fussy" at Waterloo the other morning all but delayed the departure, on their American expedition, of Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving. Really!

The Promenade Concerts have again and again been selected as favourable opportunities for singers to make their débuts. It was at a Promenade Concert, now many years ago, that Mary Davies first delighted a London audience with her sweet voice and ingratiating manner, astonishing the gentlemen, too, who had declared that her voice was "only of drawing-room strength." It was at a Promenade Concert, in Covent Garden Theatre, that Antoinette Sterling sang herself into speedy fame in 1873. And, with these good precedents, it was quite natural that Miss Daisy Creeny should have chosen one of Mr. R. Newman's Concerts for her London début on Sept. 5. The young lady hails from Belfast, and so there was additional appropriateness in her singing on the "Irish Night." Clad in white, she made her appearance amid sympathetic cheers, just after the orchestra had been playing Villiers Stanford's "Irish Symphony" with exquisite taste. With



MISS DAISY CREENY.

Artistic Photographic Company, Oxford Street, W.

hardly a trace of nervousness, Miss Creeny sang "The Minstrel Boy," to the satisfaction of the large audience, who were hushed into silence as her clear voice was heard. A burst of applause followed the ballad, and then came, as an encore, the pathetic song, "The Meeting of the Waters," rendered even more admirably. Miss Creeny has a very bright voice and good enunciation, and, when she becomes a little more accustomed to the conditions of a large hall, she will prove an acquisition to the ranks of ballad-singers.

The amusing photographs given on this page are the work of a clever young lady of sixteen years of age. She evidently possesses a keen sense of humour, as well as a knowledge of how to use a camera to cunning advantage. Her mother, by the way, is the author of that excellent novel entitled "Major Joshua," which made a success not so very long ago.

Why does the seaside traffic rage, and the weary worker imagine a Utopia by the sad sea waves? Cold-blooded reasoning must make the most ardent enthusiast acknowledge that the annual seaside sojourn is an inartistic fraud from start to finish. I have lately sat in judgment upon several watering-places, and have found a proper point of view from which to regard them. In the first place, they are all a long way from London, and require a tedious railway journey, which is very unpleasant in hot weather. Not infrequently a large crowd of people will conspire to go down by the train I have chosen, and the influx strains the train's resources until the fatal word "Mixed" is pronounced, and a healthy dozen "thirds" will invade every "first" in the train. Very often, sandwiches, bottled beer, and concertinas will appear, if the train is one of the cheap-exursion tribe, while, even if the company be orderly, the result of overcrowding, added to a long journey, does great harm to any sensitive nervous system. Then there is the horrid necessity of changing if you have elected to go out of the beaten track, accompanied by the agonising uncertainty of finding the right train in a station

fancies something is wrong, and it may cause him to reflect that the game is not worth the candle; but, as a rule, he leaves his home with the motto, "Ozone at any price," and he won't be happy till he gets it.

The seaside costume is another thing to cry out for the attention of Parliament. As a rule, the man who dresses three times a day in town goes about in a way that would give his tailor hysterics, and the man who is careless in town becomes a dandy during his month away. The inevitable result is that neither type of visitor is at his ease. The ladies—of whom it pains me to speak with disrespect—suddenly break out and indulge in their primitive love for primary colours. I have witnesses to prove that, less than three weeks ago, I sat next to a lady, at a concert given in a fashionable watering-place, whose costume was as follows: A hat half pink and half blue, a grey silk dress glittering with beads, a pink bow at the back of her neck, a blue bow at the back of her waist, a lot of watch-chains and necklaces, white gloves, and tan boots.

This may be a clumsy description, but I am a mere man, unused to luxuries. And this was a mother of a family, who did not think it unbecoming to bring her husband, her costume, and a big provincial accent into an assembly over which the musical Muse was supposed to preside. Outside some of the leading supper-clubs of Paris, I have never seen such a wicked orgie of colour.

Apparently there is no limit to man's endurance, for the list of seaside horrors is by no means exhausted. There are niggers, men who likewise outrage one's artistic sense and in



A CYCLING CATASTROPHE.

where platforms are many and porters few. In short, the journey to a seaside place is anathema and several other things unmentionable.

Granting that the journey is very distasteful, how far does the average seaside place atone for it? Architectural beauty there is none, of comfort there is very little, and the small amount comes to nothing among the crowd anxious to share it. Hotels rival the Metropolis itself in charges, but not in comfort, and, throughout his visit, a traveller is ruthlessly robbed by the natives who wish to provide against the nine lean months during their short season of plenty. Smiling faces meet one at every turn, but the smile is a ready-money transaction. Whatever man does, wherever man goes, at the seaside he is confronted by people who, without rhyme or reason, require tips. They fancy they must live, and Voltaire's famous "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité" is lost upon them, for they don't speak French, and never heard of Voltaire. In London, a person could claim police protection, but the Law winks at robbery if committed on the coast. As a rule, accommodation exists only in name, attendance is bad, and cooking is worse; the natives rely on fine weather to drive visitors into the open air, and give them the appetite that accepts all things. On a wet day, even the average convention-bound Briton

unholly costume prowl along parades and scream out silly songs. They have a collection of instruments, all more or less out of tune, and they seldom or never play in time. After a spell of howling and kicking, which people are asked to call singing and dancing, they demand money, not appearing as suppliants, but as workers claiming a wage for services rendered. It is a matter of plain fact that such men ought to be locked up for causing a disturbance and singing out of time and tune; but, instead of this, they get a lot of money. The old familiar Punch and Judy, deeply immoral though it be, is patronised by children of all sizes, whose parents presumably take some interest in them. Punch is like the average seaside inhabitant, greedy, grasping, and brutal, careless of law and order, unscared by conscience, but children are permitted to revel in the exhibition of his iniquities. When I hear of men turning out wife-beaters, murderers, and singers of comic songs, I often wonder whether the seaside is not as much responsible for their depravity as is their inherited original sin. Some day the State will recognise the evil, and these plague-spots will be removed.

I have left my greatest grievance to the last, and herein I enter my solemn protest against the average seaside pier-orchestra.



THE MUSIC LESSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

HALF-A-CENTURY'S LITERARY RETROSPECT.

DR. JABEZ HOGG ON ILLUSTRATED JOURNALS.

At No. 1, Bedford Square, there lives Dr. Jabez Hogg, who knows the history of the rise of illustrated journalism more accurately and intimately than almost any man, save and except Mr. Mason Jackson, its chronicler. Of all subjects, few there be that seem so clouded with mistakes as the early record of the pioneer of illustrated journals. If a historian desires a perplexing puzzle, let him try to reconcile the conflicting statements that are to be found in different volumes of reminiscences as to the birth and infancy of the *Illustrated London News*. The paper itself contemplates the matter as calmly as Disraeli, who left the settlement of his birthday and native place to his biographers. Possibly, if the great journal had not proved a distinguished success, there would not be the same anxiety to connect so many names with its initial history, nor so many voices ready to assert *quorum magna pars fixi*. With a view to learning some of Dr. Hogg's reminiscences, which I knew would be interesting, I called on him a few mornings ago, and he kindly gave me some of his time and a great deal of his courtesy.

"You arrive at a moment when we are just preparing for flight. I suppose you know that this row of houses, in which I have lived for thirty-five years, is about to be pulled down. The British Museum authorities want to enlarge their borders, and this side of Bedford Square will ultimately be part of their dominion. My back windows look on to the wing of the Museum which contains the Elgin marbles. Come into the drawing-room and see."

So to that lofty apartment we adjourned, and I was surprised to find that only a little strip of garden acted as a green hyphen between the house and the walls of the Museum.

"Look at the ceiling," said Dr. Hogg; "you won't see many like it. It was decorated by Angelica Kaufmann with those delicate studies in panels. Some were painted on canvas, and others on cartridge paper, but all are, as you see, in a perfect state of preservation. When we move westward, in a few weeks, we shall not have as fine breathing-space as this. The modern builder has no Kaufmann at his bidding, nor are his walls as substantial as these. For 120 years these houses have stood, and nothing but the exigencies of the British Museum would now necessitate their demolition."

Returning to the library, where Dr. Hogg can write undisturbed by "the hum of the street," he showed me some of his scrap-books. They are the neatest and most methodical I have seen, and are the harvest of many years. Turning over the leaves, one sees portraits and autograph letters of most of the famous men of the Queen's reign. Mr. Gladstone, at all ages, is faced with characteristic post-cards and epistles dealing with various topics on which he has corresponded with Dr. Hogg; Lord Macaulay, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Livingstone; Sir Richard Owen—"just as I saw him stand so often"; Michael Faraday, "the most fascinating of lecturers, so ingratiating and lucid"; John Bright, Milner Gibson, and many others, testified to Dr. Hogg's wide interests.

A good portrait of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram brought us to the subject of the *Illustrated London News*, on which Dr. Hogg can speak with the memory of half-a-century of history.

"Ah, Mr. Herbert Ingram was a remarkable man; why, besides the *Illustrated London News*, he started many other enterprises. One of his discoveries was that the public preferred books and papers with pictures to those without; that they sold better even with superior pictures; and he himself delighted in pretty books, and when the *Illustrated London News* proved to be a great success, he projected a library of picture-books, employing the best talent for the execution of his books. One of the first and most successful issued was 'The Illustrated Spelling-Book.' Edition after edition was published, and its sale must have exceeded a million. Then he brought out an illustrated edition of the New Testament, which had a large sale. The drawings were by Kenny Meadows, who was always ready to engage in any field of art. You will see how his style varied by looking at these volumes."

Dr. Hogg handed me four slim quarto books, saying, with a chuckle, "You see, we had the forerunner of the *English Illustrated Magazine* fifty years ago. It was called the *Illuminated Magazine*, and was first

published in 1844. It did not last more than four years, for such a magazine was in advance of the times. Douglas Jerrold was considered the editor. It can scarcely be said that Jerrold ever had much to do with the *Illustrated London News*. He wrote occasional articles, and was a contributor; it was he, however, who proposed to Mr. Ingram the publication of the *Illuminated Magazine*. One of its features was a whole-page illustration, drawn either by Hablot K. Browne or John Leech, and printed in colours or a tint. In the first number one of Jerrold's cleverest productions appeared, 'The Chronicles of Clovernook.' This was illustrated by Kenny Meadows. If I mistake not, Mr. Sala made his débüt in this publication both as a draughtsman and a writer, for he was, as we know, an artist first and a man of letters afterwards. In this magazine you will see contributions by Mark Lemon and others who afterwards came to fame. Some writers who figured therein are well-nigh forgotten. Charles Clyatt, for instance, was a clever man, but who remembers him to-day?"

"Mr. Ingram was evidently always on the alert for new notions?"

"Always, and he would spare no expense in carrying them out. Once you convinced him of the feasibility of a scheme, he would take every possible trouble to make it successful. In the year 1849, he decided upon the publication of an illustrated newspaper for ladies, or rather, devoted to ladies' pursuits. The *Ladies' Newspaper* was the title chosen, and the paper maintained its ground for a considerable period. This illustrated paper was the precursor of the several similar ventures which have since so successfully maintained their ground in public estimation. To give you another example of his originality, the 'Little Printing-machine' was erected at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was kept in daily use printing off a polyglot edition of the *Illustrated London News*, which had a great sale throughout the whole period of the exhibition. It was during this year that Mr. Ingram determined upon issuing a series of illustrated supplements on an extended scale. 'The National Music of England' was another idea, and was, in effect, an effort of Mr. Ingram's to restore the music of England to a place in the popular heart. Sir Henry Bishop was the musical director of this enterprise; the editor, Dr. Charles Mackay, who contributed many original songs to the series; while the versatile pencil of Gilbert, assisted by Birket Foster, George Thomas, W. Harvey, G. Dodgson, Kenny Meadows, S. Read, and others, furnished the many beautiful designs which accompanied the songs. These were subsequently collected and published separately, under the title of the 'Songs and Melodies of England.' On the completion of the work, in the following year, 1852, Dr. Mackay became editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and he retained this responsible post for a period of seven years, until the close of the year 1859, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Timbs,

of 'The Curiosities of London' fame—a laborious and painstaking man, never absent from his duty. He would, perhaps, be called to-day the assistant-editor."

"There must have been many contributors to the literary success of the paper of whom one hears little nowadays?"

"Yes, I could recall several such. The name of another early member of the editorial staff of the *Illustrated London News*—one who did good service, and should therefore not be passed over in silence—was Richard Rowan Moore, whom I remember as a remarkably clever writer, and whose friendship I valued. He very regularly supplied leaders for several years. He was better known in connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League, and certainly was one of the most eloquent exponents of its principles, and a most convincing speaker. He travelled throughout the country as a lecturer, and made thousands of converts to the League. The services which Lewis Filmore rendered to the *Illustrated London News* are so well known that I need not dwell upon nor occupy your time in eulogising them."

"I believe you have been connected with the *Illustrated London Almanack* ever since it was started, fifty years ago?"

"Yes, Mr. James Glaisher and myself have had to compile that *Almanack* for many a year. I began the work earlier than he did. The first time I made the acquaintance of Mr. Glaisher was when I was writing an article on the meteorological instruments in use in the Greenwich Observatory."

I might have told Dr. Hogg that his alert energy at an advanced age was equalled by that of his old friend. Mr. Glaisher, although



DR. JABEZ HOGG.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

eighty-six years of age, presides over meetings with business-like tact, and takes as deep an interest in scientific research or the exploration of Palestine as when he was a daring aeronaut. Truly Dr. Hogg and Mr. Glaisher prove by their vitality that a sound mind may dwell in a sound body long after the seventieth milestone has been passed on the road of life.

"In the *Almanack*," continued my host, "we have had many good artists. For instance, here are numerous pictures by Birket Foster. And of the scientific contents one might say much. In several villages, I have heard, it has been the custom to regulate the lighting by the tables given in the *Almanack*."

"It would be an imperfect record of your career if one omitted reference to your services in the cause of sanitation. Will you tell me a little about your work in this direction?"

"In 1866 I commenced a crusade against the London hospitals, and pointed out that the sanitary state of many of them was unsatisfactory in the extreme. St. Bartholomew's Hospital was then in a discreditable condition, its out-patients' department overcrowded, and the assistant physicians overworked. Nurses slept in the wards, or in places unfit for human beings. The condition of other hospitals was hardly better in any degree. At Charing Cross Hospital I got a special committee appointed to inquire into the general internal condition of the hospital, and in the end the result was that a great increase took place in the medical staff, and ultimately, chiefly by my efforts, the hospital was rebuilt and rearranged throughout. The poor out-patients were more promptly supplied with medicine. Similar improvements were also effected in the adjacent Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital."

"Then as to your interest in the blind?"

"The educational training of the blind and deaf mute I have most earnestly advocated in the Press for half a century. With regard to the munificent bequest (£300,000) of the late Mr. Gardner, I protested against the proposed erection of a grand building as an asylum for the blind. I urged that, as a rule, such buildings utterly failed in fulfilling the objects for which they were established. The older people in them sat miserably by the firesides, separated from their homes and kindred, and with no resource than bickerings among themselves; and the children grew up badly trained and deficient in all useful knowledge. Thus it came about that the whole of the fund has been devoted to the better purpose of affording help to the more deserving among the aged, and assisting in the education of the young and converting them into useful members of society. The Milton Society, for assisting the adult blind in their technical education at home and in 'reading,' was chiefly owing to my efforts, and has been, I am thankful to say, a complete success. I very strongly advocated the boarding-out of pauper children, pointed out the dangers to health and morals of aggregating them in large asylums."

"As regards other public questions in which you have laboured?"

"I took great interest in the movement made by a society to improve artisans' dwellings, and furnished Mr. McCullagh Torrens with information, to encourage Parliament to take up the matter. The question of enlistment of youths for the Army next engaged my attention. Complaints were rife of the inefficient system of recruiting for the Army youths of the poorer classes, who were beguiled into enlistment, without contributing permanently to the strength of the Army. Medical experience testified how practically unfit were beardless boys to endure the wear and tear of laborious discipline and exposure in foreign climates, especially India, ere their frames were knit or their bones were grown and firmly set. I induced Mr. Torrens to visit Netley with me, that I might impress these facts upon his memory. Ultimately, Parliament accepted twenty as a safe limit for India. The new regulations, however, soon fell into disuse, and now once more require the advocacy of the Press. The promotion of the Hospital Sunday Fund, now so admirably established, largely engaged my attention, and, together with half-a-dozen gentlemen, we waited upon the Lord Mayor, and succeeded in enlisting him in our scheme for its establishment. I worked also on the question of the supply of water to the Metropolis, being one of the first to insist upon the misleading nature of the chemical analysis of water, which entirely failed to discover the more dangerous constituents of all river-water, micro-organisms."

One may, in conclusion, make mention of Dr. Hogg's many valuable contributions to science and medicine. His work on the microscope first brought the instrument into more general use among all classes, and it has achieved, as it deserved to do, world-wide fame. The last forty years of his life have been chiefly devoted to eye surgery, and have the merit of having introduced the use of the ophthalmoscope into medical practice, an instrument which has proved of incalculable value in the treatment of the eye and of brain affections.

Dr. Jabez Hogg has, therefore, filled his long life with useful and varied service to his fellow-men, which, we trust, will be continued for many a day.

This is indeed the age of the "understudy," and other than human representatives of a necessary class of performers are being given chances of distinguishing themselves. For instance, an understudy has been engaged for Napoleon, the gallant steed to appear in the sumptuous revival at the Boston Theatre, Boston, of the Drury Lane drama, "A Life of Pleasure," rechristened "Burmah." Manager Eugene Tompkins is said to have spent some 50,000 dollars merely on the preliminary expenses of "Burmah." Another of the Drury Lane series, "Human Nature," also received a geographical name on being brought out in Boston, and Mr. Henry Neville no doubt remembers his many appearances there in "The Soudan."

A STIRRING STORY OF THE ANTARCTIC.

A HARDY NORSEMAN AND HIS ADVENTURES.

It is a stirring story which that hardy young Norwegian, Mr. C. Egeberg Borchgrevink—English on his mother's side, and proud of it—brings back from the Antarctic regions. To be the first man to set foot on the



MR. BORCHGREVINK.
Photo by O'Shannessy, Melbourne.

great Antarctic continent—for in the existence of a continent most of our scientists now believe—is surely something of a distinction even in these times.

The other afternoon (a *Sketch* interviewer writes) I called upon Mr. Borchgrevink, who has taken up his quarters, for the time being, in London. By-and-by he will revisit his friends in Norway, whom he has not seen for years, and later, no doubt, we shall hear his name in connection with farther Antarctic exploration.

A pen-picture of him! Well, Mr. Borchgrevink is young, strongly built, full of health and vigour, altogether an attractive personality. He knows and writes our tongue better than many of us do ourselves, and surely I could not say more. The full account of his experiences will be told in an English book which he is preparing—a volume to be illustrated by many pictures which, with pencil and camera, he has brought back with him. He has lived among our kith and kin in Australia, and it was from Australia that he started upon this voyage to the Far South. So I come to the chat I had with him.

"I was educated at Gjertsen College, Christiania," he told me; "studied natural science in Saxony, and, going to Australia, was employed in Government surveying in Queensland. While there, I succeeded in getting to the top of Mount Lindsay, the highest mountain of the McPherson Range, a thing which had several times been attempted before without success. Then I was engaged at Coverwull College, Sydney, teaching natural science and languages for two years, and, from that, passed on to the deck of this vessel, the Antarctic, bound for the southern seas."

"A transition surely—how did it come about?"

"The Antarctic was an old whaler—she was twenty-three, and she let you know it sometimes—sent out from Norway with the view of ascertaining if the right whale or black whale is to be found, to any extent, in the Antarctic seas. This is the whale, of course, that yields bone, and, if found in numbers, it would be very valuable. Sir James Ross reported having seen the right whale when he was in the Antarctic regions. We saw plenty of blue whales, but nothing of the black specimen, only that does not persuade me that the latter is not there."

"Were you as far south as Sir James Ross got?" I asked.

"No, and I am convinced that, if we had gone two or three hundred miles more we should probably have come upon the black whale. However, to return, the Antarctic called at Melbourne on her way from Norway to the South, and, hearing about her, I was anxious to see if I could not go with her. I applied, and was told that there was no accommodation to spare whatever; but, in the end, I succeeded in my desire, by shipping as a member of the crew—a man before the mast. It was the only thing to do; I had to go before the mast, or stay behind."

"And you thought, of course, that there ought to be some scientist aboard?"

"That was it, only my Australian friends assured me that I should certainly never return. As a matter of plain fact, it was a somewhat venturesome undertaking for such a ship as ours. I shipped, to be precise, as seal-shooter, so that I had to make my scientific observations when I could find opportunities. Moreover, the scientific apparatus on board the Antarctic was very inadequate, and one could only do one's best under all these circumstances."

"How did you get on from the time you started?"

"Variously, but we always managed to get through. We had to stop at New Zealand for some repairs, and several of the crew left because they had dreamt we should never come back from the Antarctic circle. We were thirty-eight days in the pack-ice, and you can imagine what sort of an experience that was. Then we struck what probably had been Ross's track—we had been too far west at first—and cleared the ice. The open track here is, no doubt, caused by a warm current running north-east. The farthest point which we made was 74½ south, or, roughly, we were within two days' sailing of Ross's farthest point."

"What a pity you didn't hold on south?"

"That was what I thought, but, then, no black whales had been seen, and our commander, no doubt, thought it wise and time to return. The weather, too, when we turned about, was beautiful—the sun shining day and night—and the sea was smooth, and free from ice. What is the use, though, of vain regrets? only I often wonder how far we really might have got."

"Nobody had been on Possession Island since Ross was there until you landed?"

"Not a soul. We were its second visitors. It is an island of penguins and guano—the penguins strange wobbling masses, the guano everywhere.



THE ANTARCTIC.

Coming up north again, we could see Victoria Land stretching away to our right, and, on my suggestion, it was agreed to go on shore. This was at Cape Adair, the advance-point, so to speak, of this new Antarctic continent. No human foot had ever landed here—no human foot that

we know of—and, naturally, there was considerable anxiety among us as to who should be first ashore."

"It was a race for first footing the Antarctic continent?"

"I was pulling one of the rearmost oars in the boat which carried the landing-party. As a result, I should hardly have been the first ashore, but, when we got so close in that I could see the shallowing bottom below, I leapt out of the boat and waded ashore. The water was very cold, I can tell you, but I didn't think much about that, and the others in the boat laughed good-naturedly as I scrambled ashore ahead of them all. We landed on a large promontory of rocks—rising up towards the ice-covered tableland—and spent some hours ashore. I got several natural history specimens to add to the collection that I prepared during the voyage of the Antarctic."

"I believe you saw signs of vegetation both on Possession Island and at this point of Victoria Land?"

"Yes. Ross makes no mention of having seen vegetation on Possession Island when he was there. The question is, was there any then, or has evolution been in progress since? We ought to set about ascertaining that, and eliciting the whole mass of information which is still locked up in the embrace of the Antarctic. This is the one great geographical work that remains to be carried through, and that it will be accomplished before very long I fervently hope. To mention only a single matter, we can never

have a full knowledge of terrestrial magnetism until adequate observations have been made in the Antarctic regions."

"From the information you have brought back, one might judge that the exploration of the Antarctic involves fewer great obstacles than some people have supposed?"

"That, I think, is so. An expedition could winter at Cape Adair, and, if a station were established there, most valuable results might be looked for. It might not be a bad way to send a small party first, to prepare the place for a station, and, afterwards, a full expedition."

"Your old ship carried you back to civilisation once more quite safely, if with many a tumble and groan?"

"Oh, yes; and the experience is one which was worth having at any risk. Why, the pictures which ice, and sea, and sun, and hollow desolation, combine to make in these regions, are things in themselves alone that one might voyage due south for ever in order to witness. The next visitors are sure to be better equipped than we were, and, I should much like to be one of them."

The infection of Mr. Borchgrevink's enthusiasm was so great that, on the spur of the moment, I offered to go with him next time he sails for Antarctica. But he knows better than to hold me to my word.

A POLO TROPHY.

An exceptionally fine trophy, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb to the order of H.H. the Maharaja Colonel Sir Pratap Singhji of Jodhpore, for the Poona and Bombay Polo Tournament, has been won by the Sardar Rissala team of Jodhpore, from five other competing teams. It takes the form of an exquisitely chased model of an eagle, in massive sterling silver, resting upon a groundwork of red sandstone on a black marble base, with sterling silver feet and mounts. The design is singularly appropriate in conception, Jodhpore Fort itself being built on the Hill of Eagles, mainly composed of red sandstone, while the eagle forms the principal feature of the Maharaja's state arms. On each side of the triangular base is a silver shield, one of them bearing the inscription, "To commemorate the winning of the Poona and Bombay Polo Tournament by the Sardar Rissala Team of Jodhpore."



AN ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The poetic beauty of Mdlle. Grigolatis's performance (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) in the late ballet of "Ali Baba," and in that of the present nightly and popular "Midsummer Night's Dream," entitled, for brevity's sake, "Titania," at the Alhambra, is strengthened by the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, the charm of M. Jacobi's music,



MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS IN "TITANIA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

the idyllic nature of the plot, the loveliness and grace of Mademoiselle herself, and of her marvellous aerial flights with her attendant satellites.

Mdlle. Grigolatis puts our old friend Icarus, Maxim, and Lippengall in the last row of back seats, and even eclipses "the angelic host" by dispensing with any visible wings. The aeolian-like notes of the zither, as played by Mdlle. Grigolatis as I entered her salon, suggested the soft zephyrs which seem to waft her "where she listeth" in the Spanish Hall of Leicester Square.

Herr Friedrich Zschiegner is so well known as the husband of this pretty *danseuse*, and as the inventor of the special apparatus which renders his wife's flights so phenomenal, that I have no hesitation in introducing him into the pen-picture of my interview with this pleasant couple, whose innate *bonhomie* prompts them to cordially acknowledge the welcome given them by the public and by many private friends on this their first visit to London.

"I don't pretend to be the originator of flight by stage mechanism," unassumedly remarked Herr Zschiegner in German. "Of course, I know that G. Frasi and your own George Conquest were clever in that line of business, but I venture to claim that no apparatus is so simple, and, therefore, so practical, as that for which I took out a patent dated Dec. 20, 1881. My apparatus has no Archimedean screw. Here's a photograph of my arrangement, by which you will note that Mdlle. Grigolatis and her company are suspended from a strong twisted steel wire of great strength (with separate ramifications), the tension of which is moderated by the interposition of a series of indiarubber springs between the generating power and the restrictive control, which is regulated by an assistant on the stage. All this mechanism is out of sight, eighty feet from the stage, among the 'flies' on the 'gridiron.'"

"And you work the machinery yourself?"

"Here's positive proof of it, in the loss of this finger three years ago, which got between the 'drum' of a wheel and the 'clutch' controlling it—it was the work of a second. My working the machinery myself gives greater confidence to my wife and the others," said he.

"Tell me what weight your apparatus can sustain?"

"Well, with the six ladies of our troupe, my wife, and 'Puck,' we lift about 980 lb., but we would not shrink from adding four more artists in the tableaux we present."

"You are a mechanician by profession, Herr Zschiegner?"

"Oh, certainly; I was educated in the 'Bauschule' at Potsdam,

where every mechanical contrivance, including theatrical mechanism, is taught. In Germany we have classes for every possible line of business. Well, by-and-by I took out my patent, after viewing the crude arrangements then extant."

"And you, Madame—where do you come in?"

"Oh, I have been 'on the wing' all my life. As early as eleven years old I was appearing at the Imperial Theatre and at the Grand Opera in Berlin as a *Flucht-Katze*, a personation worked by an apparatus which Herr Brandt, the General Inspector of Theatres, adapted from an invention of Content Clermont's, of Paris, registered in 1849. I was held up by a line attached to a little carriage which ran on rails up on the 'gridiron,' my ascents and descents being regulated by a rope worked by an employee. I made considerable success in the 'Feeen-See,' in 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp' ballet of Taglioni, 'The Prodigal,' by Raymond, and in 'Oberon, King of the Fairies,' an opera. I was then only sixteen years. Herr Zschiegner had already taken out his patent in most lands. He had also a wedding-ring in his pocket."

"Tell me, Madame, is the motion indicative of sickness?"

"Gott bewahr!" she replied smilingly. "It is most agreeable. You float upwards and fall softly, just like thistledown. Of course, it takes some little time for novices to get accustomed to the motion. Yes, I suppose, altogether, I am about twenty minutes 'in the clouds.'"

"And where did you come from before that?"

"Well, I was born in Salzburg; my mother is a Russian."

"I really have never seen a prettier picture on the stage than when Mdlle. Grigolatis calls her pigeons to her," I said.

"Und es ist ganz aus Liebe" ("And it's all from love"), he replied. "They are kept in a cage adjoining the stage, and as time goes on—six years now—they listen to the music, and seem to know each bar as well as the coryphées. Pattering up and down before their own special bars, they are highly excited till they are released, and cluster on the arms and shoulders of Mdlle. Grigolatis."

"As you have traversed all Europe before going to Drury Lane, as I hear you have settled to do, you must have had some adventures?"

"Mein Gott, ja! Do you see these gold watches? They are presents from the late Tsar of Russia to me and to my wife. Isn't the chased figure of a flying woman very pretty on their backs? No, I shall never forget that episode in our history. We were then performing in St. Petersburg. One day Colonel Kreloff brought the Imperial command that we were to appear the next night, at the theatre of the headquarters of the manoeuvres at Krasnoe-Selo, before his Imperial Highness. 'It is impossible,' I exclaimed; 'we must have three days at least to prepare the theatre, to transport the machinery, to rehearse the ladies to the change of elevation.' However,



MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS IN "TITANIA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

remonstrance was useless. Soldiers, as assistants, were placed at our command, the actual height of the 'gridiron' was accommodated to our requirements, and our show was a great success."

Mdlle. Grigolatis, I may add, can dance and can play the zither and the harmoniette, as well as "pink" a card with a revolver at fifteen yards.

THE WEDDING OF LORD GILLFORD AND LADY MARY HOME.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Lady Adelaide Meade.

Lady Margaret Home.

Lady Beatrice Home.

Lord Gillford.

Hon. A. Meade.



Lady Catherine Meade. Lady Beatrice Meade.

Lady Isobel Home. Lady Mary Home. Lady Elizabeth Meade.

Lord Dunglass.
Hon. and Rev. Canon Meade.

Earl of Clanwilliam.

Hon. H. R. Scott. Hon. George Home.



Countess of Clanwilliam. Lady Elizabeth Home. Earl of Home.

Sir R. Meade.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"PRINCE CHARMING."

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

A cold winter day in the Park, and a fog in the City. A man, walking with a military step and erect bearing, was recognised by a pretty girl, who drove past in a phaeton with two splendid horses. The man scarcely glanced at her: he raised his hat, with his eyes on the boy by her side.

The boy was a pretty, fair creature, with a foolish face; the kind of man the end of this century coins, and regrets its coinage. The girl was worth something better, the man thought. Himself, perhaps.

He had an old-fashioned mind, and old-fashioned honour. Modern women will never mould such a man. His mother and his sisters lived in a big place in the North of England. He had drifted into the larger world of London life, and knocked about, as most men must; but, somehow, the best of him, including a sneaking, timid reverence for a few good women, had never been quite rubbed off.

The girl was the pretty Miss Barnes, and he had met her at a Christmas house-party in the country. He thought she snubbed him, and that she mistook his attentions for idle flirting, such as a man considers necessary, in the company of a much-admired woman.

He thought also, "That boy will amuse her; he can design her a new frock, and knows her favourite cigarettes. I am too old, and I'm out of the game."

His vanity needed soothing, so he went to call on an old friend.

She sat in a dimly lighted drawing-room; it was heavy with perfumes and exotics. She wore a becoming tea-gown, and her dyed hair looked its best in the glow shining through the rose-coloured lamp-shades.

"Dear Ronald," she cried, "I'm quite delighted to see you. What a truant you have been! Sit near the fire and get warm. Isn't it freezing to-day?"

The slight pressure of her hands as she seized his, took his memory back to a year ago, when her charms and her flattery had been wine to him.

"Hope you are well, and having a good time, Mrs. Jack," he replied. "How is everybody? I've been away, you know."

"Is that an explanation of your desertion?"

He nodded.

"Oh! I heard another tale."

He moved uneasily. "You hear everything. Is Jack at home?"

"He's gone to the club. Did you come to see Jack?"

"No, I came to see you."

She smiled. "You may smoke if you like; shall I give you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please." He was ill at ease; the old atmosphere stifled him, and her evident pleasure at getting him back, made him realise that he had come back, and it brought a queer, uncomfortable feeling of shame.

"You were riding in the Row yesterday," she remarked, as she handed him a cup.

"Yes. Were you there?"

"I was, but you didn't see me. You were too much engaged to spare eyes, or waste time on an old friend."

"Don't talk like that." He spoke busily. "Where was I?"

"You were following Miss Barnes, the girl everyone has gone mad about."

"Have they?"

"What a question! As if you had no ears. Draw your chair nearer mine—I mean, nearer the fire. Now we are quite cosy. You look very well and horribly young, whereas I wear more shabby every day."

He laughed. "What rubbish, Bertha!"

She smiled, and looked at his eyes.

"I shall bleach my hair white soon, and take to something antique, like morals, or a tiara. I shall go in for church-work, distribute tracts, admit I have a girl of sixteen, and become her chaperon, in purple velvet and old lace."

"My dear Bertha!"

"Don't you like the picture? I do. After all, it will be a new rôle, and I am tired of pretending to be more fast than I am. It is *chic* to be naughty nowadays, unless you're a music-hall artist, and marry a lord, then one has to be horribly virtuous."

"How absurd you are!" He smiled, easily amused.

"My hands positively appear middle-aged. Look at them."

She held one towards him, and he touched it for a second, the sparkle of diamonds blinding him.

She spoke timidly. "You used to think 'em very pretty, Ronald."

He flushed scarlet.

"I do still." But his hold relaxed, as if her fingers burnt him.

His eyes were on the fire, hers on his face. And into hers crept a look, in which baffled vanity and spite were uppermost. She changed her mood, as one changes a much-worn dress which has ceased to be becoming.

"And so, you are madly in love, Ronald?"

He started violently.

"In love?"

"Report says so. And with a baby, fresh from her nursery bread-and-milk."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know quite well. But it's hopeless, my dear boy, quite hopeless."

He said nothing, but he hated her from that moment, as he had never hated any woman. Perhaps she intended that he should. Sometimes, when a woman fails to charm, she is glad to wound. Both deeds give a sense of power.

"You see, I know all about it," she continued. "You met in the country; she told the whole story to my aunt, Mrs. Marker—"

"She told. What do you mean?"

"We are talking about Miss Barnes."

He showed he was hit, as a man will never do to another man. The woman, being low in his respect, did not matter.

He spoke very quietly. "Yes, I am awfully devoted to Miss Barnes, but what do you know about her?"

The "you" hurt, as he may have meant it should.

"Oh, I only know that she confides in Aunt Betty, and Aunt Betty confides in me."

"And you—"

"I confide in you."

He grew clever, as a dull man may, when he feels the need of arms against someone it would be cowardly to strike.

"You may as well tell me, what you intend to tell me," he said.

"Only, that you are making a fool of yourself, my dear boy. An old friend has surely the right—"

"Or takes it."

"Yes, or takes it, to say these frank things. The girl doesn't care a chip about you."

"She said so?"

"Not exactly. But she confessed to being dreadfully in love with someone else."

"Ah, well, that's possible."

"You will discover that I am speaking the truth, when she marries him."

"If she does."

"If he proposes, you mean. He seems to be rather slow about it. She declares he is shy, too doubtful of his own merits. A woman always wants to think that, when a man doesn't come to the point."

"I wish you would remember that you are talking about a girl—"

"Who is in love with someone else. Yes, I do. You see, Ronald, I know the world, and you are woefully old-fashioned in some ways."

"You have told me so before."

"Yes, in the old days. But you improved a little under my tuition. You have gone back since."

He rose to go, but chance caused him to overturn a vase of flowers as he pushed his chair back; and he stooped, with many apologies, to pick it up.

She continued softly, as if there had been no interruption.

"You may know the man she is in love with, and it adds conviction to my story. You were in the house at the time. She is very romantic over him, and she did not tell my aunt his real name. She called him 'Prince Charming.'"

The vase fell, and smashed into many pieces at his feet. He burst out laughing as a school-boy laughs, and he ignored the breakage, and seized Mrs. Jack's hands.

"Thank you, a thousand times. I knew you were a good sort at the bottom." He spoke as if he meant it; but she knew better, and wineed.

"We acted in some beastly pantomime on Christmas Eve, and I was Prince Charming in a fairy-tale thing, when she was the Princess. You've done me a good service by mistake, Mrs. Jack, and you'll know that the man loves her—when she marries him."

She smiled, said good-bye, and rang the bell with composure; but her face was curiously out of keeping with her voice.

He went downstairs with a brisk step, and out into the street. The whole world had suddenly grown very wonderful, and, to prove it, he hailed a hansom, and went to call on Miss Barnes.

The partial failure of civilisation is revealed hourly, and the latest instance to hand is in the advertisement columns of a daily paper, where there are twenty or thirty "handy men" asking for work on the strength of their qualifying adjective. Two things are revealed by the applications. One is that there is a demand for handy men, and the other, that there is a supply. The man with average capacity for looking after household wants in case of need is dying out. Pressure of mental effort has quite driven away the possibility of physical attainment, and men who use their brains cannot use their fingers. Numerous instances come to my observation of people who are rather proud of their inability to stop a leaking water- or gas-pipe, to mark a tennis court, hang a picture, design an outhouse or conservatory, or mend a spring blind. For these degenerates the handy man exists, and, judging by the present outlook, his business will assume a yet greater importance than it possesses at present. Why, in the name of all that is useful, does not simple instruction in carpentering, plumbing, and kindred arts, supersede some of the little-needed studies in the curriculum of the modern school? Why are not all men taught a trade? The need for "handy men" is a disgrace to any able-bodied nation.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The decision of the directors of the Grafton Gallery, to follow up their two successful exhibitions of "Fair Women" and "Fair Children" with one which has to do with the drama and with the stage, is probably a wise and is certainly a commendable project. We understand that such a show cannot rank as so purely artistic as its two predecessors, and a great portion of its interest will probably lie in the theatrical accessories which will be shown at the same time, such as theatrical properties, curiosities, and the like. This will make the display, so far, more like the historical exhibitions which proved so successful at the New Gallery during recent years.

We believe also that a certain amount of space will be allotted to play-bills, a province of composition which cannot, indeed, boast of any particular artistic attraction, but which has its historical interest, however. And we trust that there will be shown also some continuous examples in the art of theatrical posters. It will be extremely interesting to note the changes which have occurred in this particularly public form of art from the days when, to an accompaniment of melodramatic incident and false colour, the worst scene of a bad play covered the walls of London with its dreadful form of temptation, to the day when, under the



THE PARTING HOUR.—JOHN BRETT, R.A.

influence of Jules Cherét, the posters which advertised "L'Enfant Prodigue" reminded us all that it was possible to make a public appeal in this way, not only without vulgarity and objectionable loudness, but positively with grace and artistic dignity.

The portraits which are to form the staple of this exhibition will, of course, consist of those of actors and actresses, past and present. Speaking



RAGLAN CASTLE, FROM THE MOAT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MR. F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON, CHEPSTOW.

with but a general knowledge of the great or famous portraits of the world—the distinction is necessary—we can scarcely suppose that, in this respect, the exhibition can be so full or so interesting as the two previous ones at the same gallery. Indeed, most of the portraits of actors and actresses which one does recall, hang in galleries which are beyond the opportunity of loan. That point, however, we can by no means discuss until the labours of those concerned in the show have been brought to a fruition, a fulfilment which will not occur until next May. It is understood that there will be a special committee of management, presided over by Sir Henry Irving. Sir Henry Irving will also be a large contributor to the exhibition. May one dutifully hope that he will not allow the portrait of Miss Ellen Terry, in the character of Lady Macbeth, to leave the staircase of the Lyceum for the rooms of the Grafton Gallery? But we have our fear of meeting the canvas away from its appropriate home.

The town of Montpelier, in Vermont, is in luck's way, so far as its artistic reputation is concerned, a fact for which it has to thank its distinguished son, Mr. Thomas W. Wood, who at present fills the post of



THE WAY THROUGH THE ORCHARD.—FRANK RICHARDS.

photogravure, as are fourteen others. Many studies hitherto unpublished, and reproductions of early drawings, landscapes in oils, and sketches in various mediums, are also illustrated, together with a selection from the frescoes and other decorative panels, the models in clay, and statues. Photographs of Sir Frederic Leighton's house and studio have been taken specially for this work. No pains have been spared to make as perfect as possible the photographic reproduction of all the works direct from the originals.

Mr. L. Raven Hill may be congratulated upon his courage in once more entering the field of artistic journalism. The *Butterfly*, which came out for many months under his editorship, was a beautiful publication, and copies are still prized by the judicious. Now again we have a threepenny weekly—the *Unicorn*. Whether it will have the permanence and prosperity of *Punch*, or go the way of *Lika Joko*, time alone can prove. It is all a matter of public taste. Mr. Raven Hill banishes photographs, and he gives us many charming drawings by Mr. Greiffenhangen and others, and much entertaining letterpress. He will, at least, deserve success, and he has our best wishes.



FROM 'THE BATH'.—HARRY E. J. BROWN.
Exhibited at Mendoza's Gallery, St. James's.

President of the National Academy of Design, New York, and who has presented his native town with a valuable collection of pictures. Besides the original works which will for the future make tired tourists and complacent townsmen happy, there are included in this collection a few very remarkable copies of some remarkable pictures, such as Turner's "Ulysses Driving Polyphemus," Murillo's "Assumption," and a few famous Rembrandts. One is apt to turn up one's nose at copies, but much depends upon the way in which a picture is copied; and, after all, Montpelier is Montpelier.

Although the works of Sir Frederic Leighton have been shown year by year at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and many of them illustrated from time to time in various publications, no attempt has been made to reproduce a sufficient number to form an adequate illustrated record of his career from the first important picture of "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," to the "Phoenicians bartering with Britons," a wall-painting, lately presented by the artist to the Royal Exchange. Messrs. Bell, however, announce such a work, with a Life of the President of the Royal Academy, by Mr. Ernest Rhys, prefaced by an essay from the pen of Mr. F. G. Stephens, a critic who has systematically studied Sir Frederic's work during the forty years he has been before the public. Mr. Rhys's record includes many new biographical details, and a list of all exhibited works, with descriptions of the most important examples.

A large number of pictures are to be reproduced for the first time. The "Cimabue," now in Buckingham Palace, is represented in



UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—CHARLES PROSPER SAINTON.

SEPT. 18, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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THE PILGRIM.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



MISS VIOLET FRIEND AS MAUD PLANTAGENET IN "THE SHOP GIRL."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKTR STREET, N.W.

SEPT. 18, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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MISS MOLLIE BONHEUR AS EVA TUDOR IN "THE SHOP GIRL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN AS A BRIDGE-BUILDER.

The great floods in Australia in Feb. 1893 destroyed, among many other structures, the northern half of the railway bridge crossing the Brisbane river at Indooroopilly. The bridge consisted of a series of eight spans, varying in length from 40 to 160 feet, resting upon abutments at the shore ends, and upon seven cast-iron cylinder piers between them, and it was completed in July 1876, after two and a-half years' work, at an expenditure of £52,000. The material, including the cast-iron cylinders for the piers, was imported from England. It was resolved to replace this bridge by an entirely new structure, consisting of two main steel girders, 340 ft. long, each resting on a central pier. What may be regarded as the most important part of the work is the foundation of the central pier. This will be realised from the fact that it will have to support under a maximum load a weight of nearly 7000 tons.

The launching of the northern girder (which weighs about six hundred tons), in the end of June, was a great event. The steel span was put together—in line with the bridge—partly on the bank and partly overhanging the river. The

end and the heads of the trestles at the southern end rested on a series of chocks. As the tide rose, the staging on the Jennie Parker gradually took the weight from the two tiers of temporary piles which had hitherto sustained it. As the hulk took more and more of the weight, the chocks were removed all along the line, and then the temporary piles were knocked away, after which the whole weight was borne by the hulk and



STARTING THE GIRDER.



LAUNCHING THE GIRDER.

latter portion of the span was supported by timber piles. The span being complete, it was necessary to get it into position—that is, to run it out from the bank so that its southern end should rest on the pier in the river, meeting there the northern end of the other span. To do this two things were necessary—a vessel to carry the southern end, and a tramway on which the northern end, set on massive trolleys, could run. A specially strong tramway was laid down for the latter purpose, and a hulk, the Jennie Parker, about 1000 tons, was employed to bear up the southern end of the span. Two huge trestles, composed of round and squared timber, were built up from her deck amidships. On the top of these rested the end of the span, large wedge-shaped chocks, however, intervening, so as to allow the span to be raised or lowered in case of necessity. Up to the time of the launch, the portion of the span between the trolleys at the northern

the trolleys alone. The span was gradually hauled across and brought to the pier in an hour and a-half. As the tide slowly fell, the span was caught on chocks of wood, and, once the hulk was relieved of all weight, it was immediately floated away, lest, at the rise of the tide, it should lift the span again and throw it out of alignment. When the span was deposited on the caisson, it was not more than a quarter of an inch out of line.

The bridge has been erected to the design and under the supervision of the Chief Engineer of Railways, Mr. H. C. Stanley, M.I.C.E., assisted by Mr. L. F. Keir, who is the resident engineer on the works, and had also charge of the preparation of the working drawings and specification. The contractors are Messrs. McCormick and Son, who have carried out the manufacture of the caisson and superstructure in their own workshops, which they erected at the site of the bridge. The plant and machinery used in the shops were specially imported by them for the purpose. The total cost of the bridge is estimated at about £66,000.



THE GIRDER NEARING ITS DESTINATION.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



“ZOO” STUDIES.

“A knock-kneed, double-jointed, funny sort of coon.”



AT TROUVILLE.

LIVING PICTURE; I wish custom didn't make it necessary to wear such a bathing-suit. It really oppresses me to wear so many clothes.



PARSON : I hope you little boys respect your father and obey your mother ?
Boy : Rather ; she can lick father, she can.



ROBERT (*to our distinguished painter*) : Yes ; it 's a very pretty thing is the hoil paintin', if any party 'ave a leanin' that way. For myself, I don't do much to it.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.*

The reader who takes all this flood of Memoirs quite seriously must be not only a gentle reader, but a very green reader. It may be doubted, however, whether anybody is quite so green as to accept these Memoirs of Josephine. They paint that injured woman in a light which is not shed upon her by the authentic records. Certain it is that Mdlle. Le Normand had a genius for flamboyant taradiddling. Nothing so extravagant as her account of Josephine's early years has ever appeared in professed fiction. From her cradle Josephine was the child of destiny, and sister to the sun and moon, like the nun in Mr. Davidson's ballad. Soothsayers predicted portents which filled the skies when Josephine left Martinique for France. To say that she took a ship, or set sail, is too commonplace for the subject; so the biographer exclaims, in a transport, "Behold her now in the kingdom of Neptune!" The only wonder is that, while fiery signals were flaming in the heavens, Neptune and his attendant mermaids did not sing an ode, specially composed for the occasion by the submarine Laureate, when Josephine ascended the vessel's side. Her life in France with her aunt, Madame Renaudin, is a series of apostrophes to her virtue, amidst which you dimly perceive that she is marrying M. de Beauharnais to please the family, though her young affections are still fluttering round one William, who was her sweetheart at the age of ten. This black-ey'd Susan is not for him, and William, after various ineffectual approaches, disappears from the history. The conjugal relations of M. de Beauharnais and his wife are not serene; which is not surprising, considering Josephine's capacity for curtain-lectures. Mrs. Caudle is outshone by this voluble Creole. Beauharnais, I suspect, was only too glad to lose his head in the Revolution; it was a pleasanter mode of dying than that of being talked to death. Josephine's tongue wagged through the Directory. She poses in these Memoirs as a guileless young widow, who loved rural retirement, varied by occasional visits to her kind friends, Madame Tallien and Director Barras. It was Barras who advised her to marry Bonaparte; probably he wanted to give her tongue a fresh employment, and save his own nerves. When she became Madame Bonaparte, she was a model of devotion to her little General's interests. She does not explain why she lingered in Paris for months, though he was writing appealing letters from Italy; but when she joined him at last, her presence was magical. Everything Bonaparte did redounded more to her glory than to his. She was wife, diplomatist, guardian angel, all in one. When the conqueror went wrong, it was because he would not listen to his Josephine. "My power is unassailable," he said one day. "Yes," she replied, "while Josephine shall be your best friend."

All this is absolutely inconsistent with the real character of Josephine, who has never been a mystery. She was a frivolous woman, with charming manners, and a considerable power of sympathy—quite incapable of the conjugal fidelity painted in these veracious Memoirs. The object of the book is twofold—to show that the divorce was Napoleon's greatest blunder, and that Josephine's sympathies were always with the Bourbons. The Memoirs were first published in 1818, in the early flush of the Restoration. They were dedicated to the Czar Alexander I., Napoleon's worst enemy, in language which would be fulsome if addressed to a divinity. The shrewd Mdlle. Le Normand trimmed her sails to the royal breezes which were blowing merrily at that time; hence the audacious assertion that Josephine always advised Napoleon to play the part of General Monk. A more ludicrous suggestion it is impossible to imagine. There was absolutely no parallel between the state of France after the Revolution and the state of England towards the end of the Commonwealth; and if there had been, it would never have entered Josephine's pretty head. Her eternal preachments to Napoleon in the Memoirs, on this and other subjects, are pure legends; but if Josephine really chattered so much, this alone would have justified the divorce. Such a man could not have endured such a bore. The divorce was not surrounded by the atmosphere of hypocrisy

in which Henry VIII. enveloped his weariness of Catherine and his passion for Anne. Napoleon cared more for Josephine than for any other woman; but she was childless in her second marriage, and he wanted an heir to make a dynasty. Henry took refuge in nauseous juggling about the sin of having married his brother's wife. Napoleon explained his position to Josephine with perfect simplicity and directness. This is the sort of stuff which she is made to utter in the Memoirs: "Raising my hands to heaven, I said to my husband, 'Let me not be a subject of discord between you and your family because I cannot fulfil a wish implanted by Nature!' Oh, let those who wish to precipitate me into this abyss but be acquainted with my heart. . . . Loved victim of the inconstancy of men, if thou forsakes, what friend will pity me?" The accents of the stage are everywhere. Napoleon visits Josephine at Malmaison before the expedition to Russia. "I endeavoured to efface you from my heart," says she, "and you again present yourself to me. All my efforts are useless. To love you and to die is all that remains to me; that is my fate! What a future awaits me!" Then he: "Unhappy man that I could abandon you! I have repaid your love only with cold indifference." You can hear that sort of thing every night at the Surrey Theatre. Here is Josephine in her politico-philosophical frenzy. She says there is a subterranean France. "Let us descend to it—go down, pass among the tombs which are in the bosom of the earth—lift up the stones. What do we see? What inhabitants?"—*God!* what citizens! what monarchs! what an empire! You will have time to think of this Bonaparte! The most absolute man never yet could say that he would bring his undertakings to a close. You dare affirm it! You who depend upon everybody around you—*you* whose ruin is doomed by thousands of men who are as cunning as they are wicked!"

It is well known that, when Bonaparte was in Egypt, Josephine found ample consolation for his absence. She had many admirers, who made the time pass so pleasantly that the news of her husband's unexpected return was unwelcome and perturbing. Such was Josephine's fright lest he should hear stories about her before she had an opportunity of renewing the influence of her fascinations that she hurried to meet him, taking the wrong road. When she returned to the house in Paris, Bonaparte was in his room with the door locked. Half the night Josephine spent in tears and entreaties. She brought her children, Eugène and Hortense, to plead for her, and all three knelt at the door, convulsed with sobs. At last Bonaparte relented, and Josephine was forgiven. This remarkable scene, needless to say, is

not mentioned in the Memoirs. This is Josephine's account of the way in which she spent her time: "The snows of winter," said I, "will again shroud the valleys; its veil, glittering with pure white, will envelop all; the trees, despoiled of their foliage, will present nothing but skeletons to the eye of the beholder; and all these changes must take place before I shall see again the man who is to open to me my new destinies." And again: "We love to believe that which pleases us, and my hopes now became more and more strengthened; soon they became realities: and, at the moment when all France believed him lost, he arrived in Corsica from the port of Aboukir, and landed at Fréjus." How had she been employed, this child of Nature? "In yielding myself to the agreeable impressions produced by the objects which Nature presents, I saw that it was easy to be happy! I felt that the beauties which she lavishes, and almost always awards to labour, might satisfy even me. 'And why,' said I to myself, 'why seek for superfluities which, though they may add to our enjoyments, often mar our felicity?'" There were plenty of "superfluities" at Josephine's beck and call, "superfluities" with agreeable manners, and there is no reason to suppose that they marred her felicity in the least. It is Mdlle. Le Normand who fabricated these flowers of rhetoric, and all to show that Josephine was a good Bourbon at heart. Well, the florist had her reward. The Czar Alexander sent her a diamond ring.

He: When I was young, I decided to make one woman happy.

She: Well, as you remained a bachelor, you have succeeded in doing so.—*Judge.*

A CHAT WITH MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

One of my pleasantest theatrical recollections (writes a representative of the *Sketch*) is of Miss Violet Cameron as Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville." Whether it was at the Globe or the Folly (now Toole's Theatre) that I saw her is out of my mind; but no time can banish from my memory the image of the tall, handsome girl—then, perhaps, a little awkward, though intelligent in her acting—and the sound of the fresh, full voice, with the curiously fascinating natural veil. If it were but relevant, I might speak also of the delightful Kate Monroe, most piquant of comic-opera soubrettes, whose "Just Look at This," as Serpolette, always got several encores, though the "unco guid" folk of Liverpool, who are earning that city a painful character for prudery, professed to be shocked by it. There was Mr. J. Hill, the funniest of bailies, the stout low comedian of whom one may say, using stage jargon, that by his rich humour and personal gifts he made every part "fat." Poor fellow! I was at the Novelty Theatre during the run of "Nita's First," and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's version of "Le Luthier de Cremona," called "Fennel," on the evening when Mr. George Giddens, the manager, came on to announce that Mr. Hill was too unwell to appear; he never played again.

However, to return to our singer. Last November, when I was at the Empire, Miss Cameron made her début as a music-hall singer, and well I remember the impression that she made upon the crowded house by her delightful rendering of "Only Once More" and Trotter's ballad "With all my Heart." The whole house, even the customary loungers in the then-threatened promenade, listened intently to the tones of her rich, powerful voice, and the encores were tremendous. It struck me then that it was strange that I, a professional haunter of theatres, had not for quite a long time seen or heard her, but in her place had been compelled to listen to artists of far humbler calibre in the curious "go-as-you-please" musical pieces that seem to have ousted comic opera and opera bouffe. I began to wonder why she had come to the halls.

The other day, fortune—very good fortune, too, I think—gave me an opportunity of being introduced to Miss Cameron. It does not very much matter where it was, nor when; indeed, the circumstances were utterly commonplace. As she sat in the crowded room, she looked superb, and the seventeen years that had gone by since she appeared as Germaine seemed to have done nothing save ripen her beauty.

After a little chat, in which I was trying to lead up to the question I wished to put to her, I asked what had induced her to leave the theatre for the variety stage.

"Leave the theatre! Why, I haven't left the theatre; not a bit of it! But there is so little doing now in comic opera that I was very pleased to sing my two songs at the Empire every evening, though I didn't care about the smoke—it gets into my throat, and makes me afraid of coughing. I was nervous the first night—I couldn't eat or drink all day, but I'm glad to say the people put me at my ease by giving me a splendid reception. After all, it was very jolly—very little to do and a good deal to get."

I fancy Miss Cameron said the last sentence rather ruefully. She has so often, since the time when she won the town as Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville," to the later period of "Miami," carried the burden of a piece on her splendid shoulders, that possibly she finds the comparative inaction more wearisome than she is inclined to admit.

Rather indiscreetly, I tried to carry her memory back, not only to her brilliant success in Planquette's delightful opera, but also to the time of earlier successes. She stopped me.

"Please don't start with the idea that you are interviewing a real old woman. It's true, though, some people do say I am nearly fifty."

I laughed at the idea, and Miss Violet Cameron chimed in. As she stood fronting the crude electric light, in a décolleté dress of pale-blue silk, with outlines of black velvet resting on her fair skin, she could well afford

to laugh at the half-century so unkindly heaped on her by rumour, though not by time.

"However," she said, "it is true I have been many years before the public. I made my début nearly twenty-five years ago, playing Karl in 'Faust and Marguerite,' under Chatterton's management at the Princess's, when I was seven; and the three following pantomime seasons I played at Drury Lane, and after that acted a good deal. As Perdita in Mr. Edward Saker's revival at the Alexandra Theatre, in Liverpool, when I was just about fifteen, I attracted some notice."

"And in 1878 'Les Cloches de Corneville' ding-dong-belled you into fame, and for months London crowded to see the successful Germaine."

"Thank you for your pretty speech. Those were happy days! Poor old Hill! How funny he used to be! You remember him as Beethoven Brown in 'Crazed'?" It was one of the funniest things I can remember. Yes; Darrell played with him. Some of the comic operas in those days were lovely. 'Madame Favart' was delightful, but I think 'La Mascotte' remains my favourite, though we took more money with 'Falka'."

"How do you account for the decay of comic opera?"

"Only a question of librettos, I think. Since Farnie died no one seems able to write librettos with life or fun in them."

"Don't you think the music, if good, ought to be sufficient to draw?"

"No, not always. If that were so, 'Miami,' possibly the best work poor Haydn Parry ever did, should have been a big success, for the music was perfectly charming. Farnie one day told me he was going to turn 'Green Bushes' into a libretto—and then—I wonder!"

"You appeared at the Comedy in a non-musical work, didn't you? I seem to remember."

"Yes, in 'Bad Boys,' a version of 'Clara Soleil.' I was a long time at the Comedy, singing in 'Rip Van Winkle' with poor Fred Leslie, in 'La Mascotte,' in 'Boccaccio,' in 'The Old Guard,' and I also did a tour with Arthur Roberts. Do you know what my ambition is? No? Why, to go to Paris and sing there. I think—I hope—I—"

"I'm quite sure you would—the Parisians have such excellent taste. I suppose in a busy life like yours there is very little time for fads or hobbies, stamps, or—"

"What? Stamp-collecting! I call that madness, not a hobby, as much madness as—"

We were getting on dangerous ground, so I suggested music, dancing. *En passant*, I told Miss Violet Cameron that over a year ago, at the two hundredth performance supper of "Morocco Bound," I, as one of the guests, had heard her sing some German songs to her own accompaniment. I may add that nothing more artistic could well be imagined than her rendering of those *Lieder*.

"Yes," she said; "I can't resist an open piano, and even now Chaminade's 'Ritournelle,' my last new song, is haunting me. Dancing? Oh, yes; I can dance anything, from a breakdown upwards. I was, as a child, put for a while into a ballet-training school; but when my voice developed, it was thought that it might be ruined by the dancing, so I gave it up. However, I am very fond of any kind of exercise. In the country I ride a good deal, and though I don't indulge in hobbies, I have pets—dogs and horses, and love books and—no, not society. We have been living in a lovely three-hundred-year-old house in Wiltshire, and that's what I love. Got any grievances? No; none, except that I wish real comic opera were again in fashion."

George Dance's latest piece, "Buttercup and Daisy," which was brought out at Liverpool a few months ago, has been turned into a musical comedy of the regulation pattern, with much of the music from the pen of Mr. Arthur Richards, a Nottingham "Lamb," like Mr. Dance himself. Mr. William Greet's company includes that bright young mimic, Miss Marie Dainton, who is engaged to give her imitations, and her mother, Miss Jenny Dawson. "Buttercup and Daisy" has been making its first appearance in London at the New Theatre Royal, Kilburn.



MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

SEPT. 18, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

FOOTBALL IN NEW ZEALAND.

Photographs by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

THE NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALL TEAM.



CHRISTCHURCH FOOTBALL TEAM.

“SOME OLD LOVE STORIES.”*

Mr. T. P. O’Connor has done well to republish in volume form a selection of the subtle and profoundly human critical articles which have been for some time past characteristic and valuable additions to the ephemeral literature of each week.

Most human beings have been, are, or will be in love. “Qui que tu sois voici ton maître,” says Molière. “Il l’ait, le fut, ou le doit être.” And there are few people who are not keenly interested in a love story. Mr. O’Connor has made a choice ranging over a wide field. In each and every case he deals either with a misplaced passion or deep domestic tragedy, though nothing could differ more widely the one from the other than the heart histories of Abe Lincoln and Mary Todd, Mirabeau and his Sophie, Marie Antoinette and her chivalrous friend Fersen, from those of the Carlyles; while to dignify with the title of love story the tale of Hazlitt’s morbid infatuation for Sarah Walker were an insult to the eight other men and women whose lives and loves are here described.

In his striking account of Abraham Lincoln’s unhappy marriage and its probable influence on his public career, Mr. O’Connor tells much that will be new to the mass of English readers; but, interesting though it be, especially as giving a vivid picture of the great American President’s early life and surroundings, one cannot help feeling that the whole truth has not been told, and that poor Mary Todd, the one-time bright, caustic, self-conceited Springfield belle, might have had much to say and to reveal that would soften the somewhat harsh estimate formed of her both by her husband’s biographers and her Irish critic. Lincoln, at least, where his love affairs were concerned, seems to have been incredibly “soft,” asking advice first of one and then of another. Though obeying every wish of his wife with almost slavish docility, he apparently allowed not only his intimates, but the very workmen employed about his house, to understand how deeply he was tried by Mrs. Lincoln’s lack of self-control and by her bad temper.

On M. Gaulot’s account of the Count de Fersen’s “A Friend of the Queen,” the author of “Some Old Love Stories” has started what may become yet another accredited legend as to the exact part played by Marie Antoinette both at the beginning of and during the French Revolution. That the Dauphine, when little more than a child, felt a fleeting attraction for the handsome Swedish lad of whom she caught a few glimpses in a ball-room, and that, three years later, the young Queen, lonely and more or less neglected by the King, formed a sentimental friendship—as she did for several of those round her—for Fersen, is quite possible; but there is no shadow of proof that the feeling ever developed, on her side at least, into anything warmer than profound trust in the loyalty and belief in the proved affection of one with whom fate afterwards constantly threw her in contact.

Not only the whole of Marie Antoinette’s private cipher correspondence with Fersen, but also the private diary kept by the unhappy Swedish officer during the long months and weeks he watched from afar the Queen’s long agony and death, have been given to the world, and in them there is no hint or retrospective word implying even the most innocent of love-passages between these two much-tried and highly strung souls. And yet, in every line of these hurried notes, written in invisible ink, and conveyed to the Queen’s friend by a thousand and one secret and dangerous ways, we get an obviously true impression of the writer’s feelings on many things: her acute though always loyal estimate of the King’s character, her intense love of her children and pride of race, exemplified in the fine sentence, “A Queen who does not reign must, under these circumstances, remain inactive and prepare to die.”

The truth about any *affaire de cœur* is only known to the two individuals concerned, and this even if they be as unreticent and confiding as are the generality of lovers. The exact relations of Fersen and the last Queen of France will never be more understood than they are to-day, and there is something melancholy in the thought that not all the Count’s self-abnegation and discretion even where only his own feelings were in question, or the Queen’s long, heroic martyrdom, and steadfast performance of what she considered her duty to her family and friends—once, if not twice, she refused to avail herself of a possible chance of escape planned by Fersen—have not saved them from a kind of comment and discussion for which both gave posterity so little excuse.

As is generally the case with those attempting to deal with the Carlyle domestic problem, Mr. O’Connor is evidently far more attracted by the character of the wife than by that of the husband. His theory, though not exactly new, is put with more plainness than has hitherto been done. He accounts for not a little of the tragic story by the statement that Jane Welsh Carlyle was *une femme passionnée* rather than *une femme sentimentale*, and he also attributes a great importance to the Irving episode and Mrs. Basil Montagu’s subsequent well-meant but unfortunate interference.

M. A. B.

FOOTBALL IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Christchurch Football Club, which is the oldest-established club in New Zealand, was founded in 1867, Mr. R. J. S. Harman, an old Rugbeian, being captain; he is now president. The colours of the club are red and black. Here also is given the first picked New Zealand team. They played against New South Wales, but, owing to the team having to be brought from all over New Zealand, they had no opportunity to play together, and were defeated by eight points to five.

* “Some Old Love Stories,” By T. P. O’Connor. London: Chapman and Hall.

HORS D’ŒUVRES.

We have had a certain affluence of Congresses lately—Chess and Trades Union. And in each of these there has been a surprise. The new Morphy, so confidently predicted when any young chess-player shows a touch of brilliancy, seems to have come for good at last. America, tired of memories of the great chess-player, has given us Mr. Pillsbury. The victor of the latest Battle of Hastings, successful in breaking down the “shield-wall” of pawns, is not so conspicuously above his contemporaries as was Morphy; but it may be said that this is rather because they are better than because he is worse. Many games have been played, many openings worked out, many brilliant variations proved unsound, since the gifted Paul made his tour of triumph—and was good for nothing after it. *Absit omen!* For a duel between Pillsbury and Lasker is obviously the next great event of chess. Both are young, and seem to combine spirit with solidity. For a match, the betting might be on the German, whose staying power has been proved; but the contest would be one of giants.

There is a strange absorption in chess; its votaries talk of little else, and to them the fall of empires is as nothing, compared with the fortunes of a new gambit. There are mild-eyed enthusiasts who wax exceeding wroth over the merits of some debated move. “Talk about Schinkenstein’s new move in Zuckeritz’s variation of the Seemper-Lammergeier attack in Pawnson’s defence to the Warsaw form of the Welsh Opening? Why, my dear boy, old Smith of my club—you remember Smith, who used to give Staunton a pawn and move, when he was a schoolboy; he’s dead now, poor old Smith!—well, he played that move on me, and I answered P to Q 6—that’s all! And in three more moves I announced mate in thirteen. Ah, he was a player, was old Smith!”

“But P to Q 6 is just what Würstenberg played against Schinkenstein,” urges the friend; “and he had a dead lost game in two moves.” “Don’t talk to me, sir!” answers the other, much heated. “If a man will be such an ignorant ass as not to play P to K R 3 at his eleventh move, he deserves to lose. That makes all the difference, for when White brings his Bishop over to R 4—” “Which R 4?” queries the disputant. “Why, Q R 4, of course! How could he bring it to K R 4 when his Q Kt is there already? Then P to K R 3 stops the sacrifice of the Queen, and Black comes out of the skirmish with two passed pawns and the attack against a Knight that’s absolutely out of play!”

The friend demurs, wants to work the game out on the board. The board is got, one man reads the moves from a newspaper, the other making them on the squares, with comments of his own. Then they try a variation, and lose their place, with the result that they go back to the beginning, and try the game again. Then one wants to play an alternative move, which the other pronounces an absurdity, and refutes in two or three rapid displacements of the pieces, with the result that the place is again lost, and the game is begun again. Finally, the two quarrel violently over the merits of the attack and defence, and challenge each other to a match illustrating the particular variation—a match which never comes off.

For your real superstitious votary of chess does not *play* very much. He abstains from the actual game almost as religiously as a negro preacher from practising the morality he teaches. He is curious about problems, he accumulates chess literature, he works out incalculable variations, but the sight of a flesh-and-blood opponent over the board daunts him. Still, his method of “play” gets through even more spare time than real chess, and exhausts the mind and body far less.

The other surprising Congress—the Trades Union Congress—has developed Mr. John Burns even more completely in his new character of the True Blue, or Good Old Tory of Labour policy. The “New Unionists,” with their loose organisation, their revolutionary cries, and their reckless proposals, have been quelled, and the Trades Union organisation recaptured by the older and more conservative bodies; and the “Battersea Cough-drop,” developing the wholesome and efficient qualities denoted by the term, has supported with voice and vote a change in the standing orders which will exclude himself, as well as one or two more “leaders,” from the Congress. This is something that should rightly bring back to the Tribune some of the popularity that seemed to be quitting him; or, if not that, it should substitute the more enduring and valuable esteem of the “aristocracy of labour,” of the older unions, for the fickle and forgetful friendship of the unskilled,

MARMITON.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"BOGEY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

"One of them," said poor Archie Buttanshaw, in a melancholy voice, "who seemed a little deader than the others, remarked that it was a great shame such a splendid chance of a fortune should come to such a 'mug.'" Little did Archie think that the observation of his ghostly friend was, in some aspects, perfectly justified.

Archie's position was extraordinary. He had lived for sixty years or so blamelessly and beloved. The little money which he had earned had been saved to make dowries for his nieces, Fairy and Marion, and he had been faithful trustee of the twenty thousand pounds of Miss Minden, the old friend to whom he would have offered himself had her fortune been less. Yet, despite his virtues, Archie, who was disrespectfully called "Bogey" by his nieces, suddenly found his body inhabited by the disembodied spirit of a person named Bates. It would not, perhaps, be unpleasant if the spirit of a Shakspere or Tennyson were to play cuckoo to one's own *ego*, but in Bogey's case he had just ground of complaint. For Bates had concluded a criminal career by dying of *delirium tremens*, and had not in the other world made any improvement in character.

How did it happen? On Archie's birthday there was a pleasant little party, consisting of Miss Minden, the two nieces, an uncouth Scotsman, engaged, much against her wishes, to Marion, and still more against those of Mr. Tiddy, who completed the party. After supper an old friend named Noah arrived. He was a person with a fad for "spooks," and anxious for a *séance*, though the only spirit with whom he was acquainted was that of the undesirable Bates. Archie protested against the spiritualistic business, but proceedings began. Suddenly there sounded a strange chord of music. Miss Minden shrieked, the party broke up, and Noah, to his horror, discovered that Bates had found a home in poor Archie, who was continuing "in our next" the attack of *D. T.* which had finished the former career of Mr. Bates.

Now, a man who has suffered a metempsychosis may be quite happy as the other man, or rather, the body with the new spirit may be all right; but in Archie's case the job had been scamped. He was not completely metempsychosed; consequently, the memory of Archie was at the disposal of Bates. This sounds very illogical, seeing that, in reality, one's memory—or rather, one's sum of memories—really is one's identity. Moreover, no home had been provided for Archie's spirit. The exchange was unjust: Bates had taken Archie's well-furnished apartments, and simply driven him out, a homeless wanderer. The other spirits were not friendly to Archie's spirit, because his bodily connection with Bates was disreputable, and also because the ghosts of people not actually dead are lightly esteemed by the genuine commonplace "spooks." So Archie's spirit floated about close to his body, and waited for further developments.

"Bates"—Buttanshaw promptly showed what journalists always call "the cloven hoof." He drank unlike a fish, for he drank whisky; he forfeited the dowries of his nieces, and resolved to use them and Miss Minden's money in a big speculation in some diamond-mines called the Kovarian. This had been a pet scheme of Bates's, and when he had taken up his new abode some ghostly friends came and discussed it with him. Moreover, he forged a letter from Miss Minden, asking him to make the investment. Before he had carried out his evil plans, Archie's ghost had a chance, for the influence of Fairy, the younger niece, caused the "bust up" of the Bates-Buttanshaw combination, and Archie became himself again, and deeply repentant. How Archie recollects what the B.-B. combination had been doing I cannot guess, and I fear that there is an error of metempsychology on this point.

Unluckily, Fairy left Bogey alone, and back came the Bates spirit, and once more usurped Archie's body. This time he carried out his fraudulent plans, and, worse still, grossly insulted poor Miss Minden. Luckily, Noah, who had been ill, arrived, and, by secret means that he has never disclosed, successfully exorcised the Bates spirit, and restored Archie permanently to himself. Then the poor fellow found himself in a pitiful plight as fraudulent trustee, forger, and bankrupt; but his friends showed their love for him unabated, and Miss Minden, who had some house property left, offered to marry him. However, it was a cloud with a diamond lining, for it chanced that Bates really had valuable information, and the diamond-mines were splendid; so Archie became a millionaire, and remained a very lovable old gentleman.

The play is curious, clever, crude, interesting, and even thrilling. In one or two scenes I felt "cold down the back," which, seeing how hot was the weather, was delightful. Perhaps the novelty of the piece—for there is no need to talk of "Dr. Jekyll," or "William Wilson," or "Metempsychosis"—makes me rate it above its value. At all events, I spent an exceedingly pleasant evening, and I came away with the happy feeling that Mr. H. V. Esmond, as dramatist, has shown such remarkable ability that in the future I shall have still pleasanter evenings through him, and be able to praise without qualifying.

His acting I can praise absolutely: it was not only of astonishing skill, considering his youth, but it was actually a brilliant piece of characterisation, and it would be hard to match the way in which, without "make-up" or any other adventitious aid, he distinguished between "Bates-Archie" and the genuine Bogey. Mr. Elliot was very funny as the Scotsman, whose part was somewhat offensively drawn in the ill-nature of the caricature. Miss Eva Moore played prettily as Fairy Buttanshaw, and Miss Pattie Bell as Miss Minden, while excellent work was done by Mr. Philip Cunningham and Mr. Gaston Mervale. Decidedly "Bogey" deserves a visit.

MONOCLE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I had a long conversation the other day with one of the most enterprising of American editors and publishers. He speaks hopefully of the coming season, but admits that American authors are not supplying the needs of the American public, among whom English authors are more and more popular. Decidedly the most successful book of the year in America, next to "Trilby," is "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The competition among the magazines is more severe than ever; but sales are well maintained, and, in some cases, even increasing. My friend laughed at the idea of a non-illustrated magazine succeeding in the States. He said that it was quite possible for a magazine consisting wholly of illustrations to do well enough. All the leading American monthlies are to be supplied with fiction by English authors. Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" commences in *Scribner* in January. The editors of the magazine are confident that it will make a great sensation. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir David Tressady," in which several of her old characters appear, runs in the *Century*. Mr. Hall Caine's new book is to be published in *Munsey's Magazine*, which claims the enormous circulation of half a million. *McClure's Magazine*, which has hitherto eschewed serial fiction, proposes making an experiment with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives."

That clever writer, "Q," has no fewer than four volumes ready for immediate publication—a batch of short stories, a collection of *Speaker* criticisms, a collection of fairy tales, and a little novel of some thirty thousand words, which will be published as a Christmas annual.

Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) has gathered some of her recent sketches of Irish life and character into a little volume, called "The Land of Mist and Mountain," which the Catholic Truth Society publishes. There is very little fiction about them, evidently; they are pages from her own experiences of gentle and simple life in Ireland, and there are personages in them that can be identified easily enough. A freer handling might have bettered them as stories, but the plan gives her opportunity enough for illustrating what, in Irish character, she is most in sympathy with. The pathos and refinement of the sketches are undeniable, but something is wanting to make them satisfying. The rollicking Irishman of *Lover and Lever* may have died out—if he ever existed—but the Irishman and the Irishwoman of reality have a keener spice of devilry in them than Mrs. Hinkson flavours her stories with, and a longer gamut of moods than she represents. It isn't a thing to quarrel about, for her gentle and pathetic stories are true so far as they go. They have the national tone, but as that tone might be reflected in the words and looks of some mild nun busy in making the young generation into saints.

Mr. Jerome and Mr. Phillpotts have published their three-act comedy, "The Prude's Progress." It is bright and inspiriting, and has a very happy ending. The subject is of to-day, the overthrow of a villain who had carried on his iniquities under the cover of ultra-respectability. But the play is not at all modern. Old-fashioned troubles and virtues and happinesses are its material, and, as it presents, no very insuperable difficulties in the way of cast or scenery, the amateur's eye may be directed to it with confidence, though, for very polite audiences, he might have to tone down the scene where the villain is unmasked.

o. o.

IN MEMORY OF SEDAN.

Köln has been at its traditional best these last few weeks. As a Yankee gentleman at the Dom remarked, "I guess these gutters are that loud that they'll stop the processioning." The Sedan processioning was really very fine in its way. On the Ring there was quite a substantial Lord Mayor's Show crowd to watch the now civic heroes ride and march past. It was curious to note how heroism seems to agree with the citizens of the "happy Fatherland." Three ex-Landwehr, whose ages rose from forty-five to fifty-five, rode abreast. Their united weights must have averaged, at the least, fifty-one stone. The fire of valour and *Münchener* heated them so much that the perspiration rolled off their jolly, self-complacent faces, and damped their very saddle-girths. Still, I must say that I was a bit struck with the respectability of the whole show. I have seen a good many crowds in my time, but I never yet came across a more decent collection of women and children. By the "Post" this was most noticeable; they perspired, they ate sandwiches, they rolled their handkerchiefs into balls and polished their healthy skins, but—they were all respectable. On the Dom Platz, in the evening, portraits of the Great Elector and the Great Frederick were stuck up, and any number of coloured Chinese lanterns gave a most brilliant, picturesque, Neapolitan ice effect to the scene. The amount of beer-drinking was rather above the average, but, unsteady as were the feet of the revellers, they all looked *fairly* respectable.

Next day I was at Bingen. The southern Rhinelanders are more excitable. You know the little *Biergarten* on your left down by the quay. From the somewhat dusty seats you look upward to the great *Germania* statue perched atop of the Wald the other side of the Rhine. Well, I saw a dozen or so worthy creatures inflamed with seltzer-water (the natural article, in stone bottles, fifty pfennig), Lisette, Bodenheimer, and Bocks, actually drinking Mrs. *Germania*'s health. Several gentlemen outside the garden wall, encouraged by friends within, actually threw up their caps to the graven image, cheered, and bowed themselves in half. Putting any joking or nonsense aside, it was the actual worship of the idol. Any yellow-robed pundit from Adam's Peak would have looked upon the whole business with incredulous contempt.

P.

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In a communication which we are permitted to publish, Mrs. Eliza Ward, of Holloway House, Wheatley, near Oxford, says that having long been ill from an ailment she did not understand the nature of, she consulted successively several physicians, one of whom finally addressed her thus: "Madam, your heart is diseased, and you are liable to drop down dead at any time."

Of course the words attributed to the doctor are quoted from Mrs. Ward's written statement, but they are, beyond question, substantially accurate.

Now, even assuming the doctor to have been absolutely right in his judgment, we still hold that he was wrong in telling her his conclusion as he did. Because, if she *was* in danger, as he stated, her knowledge of the fact would certainly tend to increase the danger. If, on the other hand, he was mistaken, and the lady was *not* in momentary peril, the doctor, by assuring to the contrary, filled her mind with a continuous and unnecessary anxiety. Her own words are—"I was much alarmed on learning

this." So we should suppose; the bravest of us would be.

Under the spur of her alarm she consulted, she says, "a celebrated physician at Oxford, who said that my heart was sound, but the arteries were very weak. He added that I required great care, and must on no account hurry, or walk uphill."

Here was a much milder opinion, and one more easily reconcilable with the final outcome of the case. And for the general behoof we might as well say now as at any other time that, contrary to the prevailing notion, death from so-called "heart disease" is a comparatively rare occurrence. In his treatise on the subject an eminent English physician says: "As compared with sufferers from other organic disorders the victims of heart disease enjoy a remarkably prolonged existence, and are rarely inconvenienced by, or even conscious of, their complaint." An explanation of this fact would be easy had we space to devote to it. At present, however, we can only present the balance of Mrs. Ward's letter.

She says: "All my life I suffered from physical weakness and low spirits. I had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, and distress after eating, and a sense of constriction or tightness at the chest and sides. Later in life, as I became still weaker, I suffered greatly from palpitation of the heart. At times it thumped and throbbed so badly that I thought it was diseased. I could scarcely walk across the floor, and was not able to get upstairs without help."

[Here the lady mentions her consultations with the doctors on the condition of her heart—already referred to and discussed.]

After having heard the opinion of the Oxford physician she seems to have sought no other. In conclusion she says: "The condition of health I have thus briefly described covered a period of thirty years, none of the medicines or kinds of treatment given me ever really benefiting it. In Dec. 1890 a neighbour of mine (Mrs. Davis) told me of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done her, and advised me to try it. In ten days I found great relief from it; my appetite improved; for the first time for years I could eat with a relish and the food agreed with me. From that time I gained strength gradually until I was quite recovered. (Signed) (Mrs.) Eliza Ward, Dec. 8, 1893."

The fact to be noted in a case like this is, that it is only one out of a multitude. Of women who go through similar experiences the name is legion. Some are deceived into thinking they have heart disease, others are led to fancy they have consumption, and so on until it is a weariness to see them or read about them. In nearly every instance the disease is indigestion and dyspepsia, with functional (not organic) heart and lung symptoms, which, of course, pass away with their cause. Think of suffering thirty years from a disease which—*when at its worst*—is curable in a few weeks!

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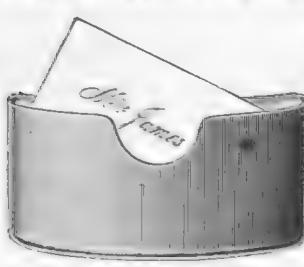
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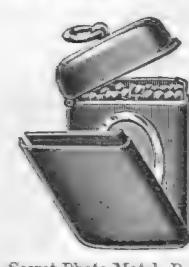


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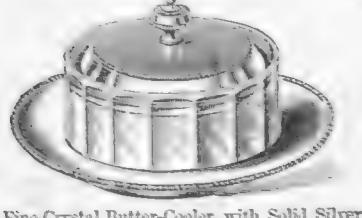
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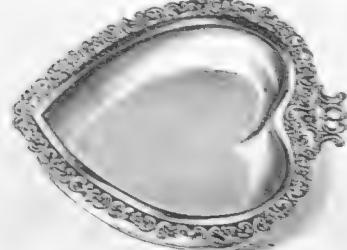
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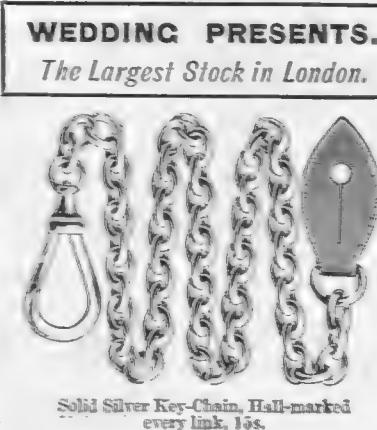
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TWO COLONIAL DEMOCRATS.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

If you happened to pass Sir Oliver Mowat in the street during his recent visit to England, you would not have turned to look at him a second time. There is nothing in his short, thick-set build and impassive Scotch face to arrest attention. A student you would certainly take him to be, and probably a professor or a well-to-do family doctor. Yet this man has a record in statesmanship second only to that of Mr. Gladstone among living public men. Where else will you find one who has held the reins of power in a democratic state for twenty-three years without a single break, the supreme ruler of a British Province for nearly a quarter of a century, and now left, in his seventy-fifth year, without a rival in the field? That is the record of Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario, the most British and the most progressive of the Canadian Provinces—the New South Wales of Canada, as it were. There is hardly a political battle during the quarter of a century in which he has not led one party, and the successful party, too. You cannot say the same of any other Canadian, Colonial, or British statesman.

This unbroken record of success would have turned many a man's head. He began public life, as is the fashion in Canada as here, in the municipal field. Alderman Mowat was "always on top." Nearly forty years ago he turned to politics. His first contest made him a M.L.A. Before he had been a member of the Assembly two years he was a Minister, and up went his electoral majority on re-election. Contest followed contest, but, whoever else fell out of the ranks, he remained. After eight years on the Bench, he came back to politics, and was at once called to the Premiership. Six General Elections have passed over his head, and he is Premier still, and talks as confidently as any of us of his own political future. In a word, to speak of Ontario as a political factor is to speak of Sir Oliver Mowat, just as, in years gone by, Sir John Macdonald stood for Canada in the world's mind.

There is something very curious in the way in which these two great men in Canadian history crossed and recrossed each other's path. Scotland gave them both to Canada—in Sir John Macdonald's case at first hand, for he was a Glasgow lad; in Sir Oliver Mowat's case less directly. His father was a Caithness man, and a veteran with the "Great Duke," too, in Portugal and Spain, but young Oliver himself first saw the light in the Canadian city which was Sir John Macdonald's home—Kingston. At this lakeside "Limestone City," they went to school together, and the Ontario Premier will tell you what he, as a youngster, thought of the older Macdonald, and what a frolicsome, favourite lad he was, so different from the scholarly, serious little Oliver.

John took to the law, and when Oliver's turn came he took to it too, and spent four years of his term in the office of his former schoolfellow—the man who came near being his keenest political rival, and did become his great opponent in the battles over State rights in the Courts. In time, Macdonald became Premier and Attorney-General, and from his hands Mowat received his appointment as Queen's Counsel. Even then, politics were driving them apart, and Macdonald, as an astute man, may have thought of the possibilities of opposition from this stern, unbending young Reformer. The cause of Confederation made them colleagues for a time. They worked together in preparing the scheme upon which the Provinces of Canada became a Federal Dominion.

This was the climax in Sir Oliver Mowat's career. He and Macdonald were seated round the historic conference-table at Quebec. News came to Macdonald, as Premier, of a vacancy on the Chancery Bench of Ontario. Instantly he passed a note across the table to Mr. Mowat. "Will you accept the post?" Mr. Mowat hesitated. What would men say and think of his acceptance of such a post from the rival political party? "Then take the Vice-Chancellorship," said the Premier, and take it he did.

That is one of the "might-have-beens" of Canadian history. Had Mr. Mowat remained in political life at that juncture, it is difficult to believe that Sir John Macdonald would have retained so unparalleled a mastery over Canadian affairs. When Macdonald did afterwards meet Mowat in the Courts, it was generally Macdonald that had to give way, and it is probably safe to say that, but for that judicial appointment from the hand of his astute friend the enemy, Sir Oliver Mowat would have had it in his power to change the whole course of the Federal history of Canada.

For eight years Mr. Mowat remained on the Bench, and those eight years sufficed to fasten the great personality of his former law-partner and political opponent upon Canadian political life. When the chance came to return to politics, it was in the more restricted Provincial sphere, while his rival reigned supreme in Federal matters.

His enemies called Sir John Macdonald a political juggler—a wizard who drew men after him, whether they would or not. He could tell a man he was a fool, but so do it that the man would leave smiles and thanks behind him. Sir Oliver Mowat is an opportunist, too, in his way, but an opportunist in dead and solemn earnest. Yet he is a safe man, and here lies his great hold upon Ontario. He is pre-eminently a man to be trusted. When his friends of the Liberal Party were believed to be coqueting with the United States, he sat still and said nothing. The coqueting fell through. "For myself," declared Mr. Mowat, "I would prefer to die in the hope of a Canada unabsorbed, prosperous, and at peace, than to die President of the United States." A serious statesman, a great lawyer, a cautious financier, a sound patriot, and an unwavering friend of British connection—what duels such a man might have fought with the great "Sir John," and won!

THE HON. J. WILBERFORCE LONGLEY.

Mr. Longley is another leading Canadian statesman who has come to England to maintain Provincial rights before the last Court of Appeal in the British Empire. He is, like Sir Oliver Mowat, a Liberal leader in Provincial politics—Sir Oliver in Ontario and Mr. Longley in Nova Scotia. But, unlike Sir Oliver Mowat, he is a born fighter. Opportunism has few charms for him: he is ever restless for battle. Someone, writing in the *Times*, once called him "the Labouchere of Canadian politics." That person must have known little of the member for Northampton. They are both journalists, it is true. They are both deft weavers of epigrams. But one is the amused cynic of English politics and editor of *Truth*; the other is one of the sternest combatants in Canadian public life and editor of one of the most strenuous of Canadian Reform journals.

Meeting Mr. Longley in London, I could not at first get him to talk of anything but English politics and the great chances which he as a political tactician thought had been missed in our General Election. Especially ready was he to apply his Canadian experience of Prohibition and Local Veto to English affairs. "Why," he said vehemently, "they have carried Local Option in thirteen out of eighteen counties in Nova Scotia for thirty years, but the same liquor is sold without licences and in violation of the law. There are fines once in a while, but that is all." In a word, Mr. Longley thought little of Local Veto as an item in any English political programme.

But Mr. Longley has been a lifelong journalist in Nova Scotia, and a Minister of the Crown in the same Province by the sea for nine years, and I wanted to sound him on other questions than these. The future of Canada is to Englishmen a problem of abiding interest. They see clusters of English, Scotch, and Irish settlements stretched across a whole continent, from Nova Scotia on the Atlantic to British Columbia on the Pacific. They see Province separated from Province by immense gaps of wilderness, swamp, and mountain. Running parallel, for thousands of miles, from ocean to ocean is the territory of another branch of the great English-speaking brotherhood. Between it and Canada Nature has imposed no barriers. Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces are cheek by jowl with the New England States. Quebec and Ontario lie side by side with the Central States. The vast prairie stretches without a break over Dakota, Minnesota, and Montana in the United States, and Manitoba and the North-West Territories in Canada; while, on the Pacific Slope, British Columbia is physically one with Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. What, I asked Mr. Longley, did this affinity by Nature mean now in the present and the future?

"Well," he replied, "it means much, socially and commercially. It means nothing politically. That sounds a little improbable perhaps, yet it is a fact. The Nova Scotian lad can get into Boston for five dollars—one pound of your money—and, as soon as he is of an age to act for himself, away he goes to Boston to see life. The nearest great Canadian cities, Montreal and Toronto, are out of the way in comparison. Besides, Boston is much more of an industrial hive. Just the same with women-workers. In Halifax we pay a servant-girl eight dollars (thirty-twoshillings) a-month. She goes to Boston and gets fifteen dollars (three pounds). If she is a cook, her ten dollars in Halifax become twenty dollars in Boston. There are more Nova Scotians in Boston than in our own capital, Halifax. Thus social intercourse is of the freest. So would commercial intercourse be but for silly tariffs shutting out what each country most wants. Yet, in spite of fiscal obstacles, it is United States capital that is working a remarkable change in Nova Scotia's industrial life. We would welcome your money and brains, but you leave the Americans to take the pickings."

"And this has no influence in drawing Nova Scotia into the Republic?"

"I believe political union is further off than ever. We are good friends whenever we meet the Bostonians and American people generally, but we like our own political ways better than theirs. Take one thing. When we are tired of a Government, we like to have a General Election and get rid of them in a couple or three weeks, as you have just done. In the United States it is a long-drawn-out struggle of years. Then, do you think it is a small thing to be associated with an Empire like this, with its glorious past and possible future?"

Yet some of the political mud-throwers of Canada charge Mr. Longley and his friends with being annexationists in spirit and ultimate intention.



HON. J. WILBERFORCE LONGLEY.

Photo by Barrad's, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

What a country this is for sport! We have hardly got the taste of cricket out of our mouths, so to speak, than here we are at once being re-fed upon football. It seems to me that the great wave of sport is continuing to spread here. One sees nothing on the evening-paper bills now but the latest thing in one sport or another, be it racing, cricket, rowing, or football, and even the great dailies are beginning to feel the public pulse and come out boldly with "special notes."

I am in accord with those who consider that the close-time for football could be extended with advantage. Seeing what fine weather we get in September year after year, it is really high time the opening of the season were postponed to, at any rate, say, the second week in the ninth month. So far, the matches have been characterised by warm, not

Hyslop was a very good man, and he was allowed to go to Stoke simply owing to some extraneous circumstance. The latest capture of the Weariders is Mackenzie, of Millwall Athletic. It is rarely, indeed, that provincial clubs send to London for players, but, then, Mackenzie is not a Londoner, but, like the large percentage of good footballers, emanates from bonny Scotland. He should be a great acquisition to the team of all the talents, for his style is just that of his new companions.

I spoke just now of Hyslop, who left Sunderland to go to Stoke. This team last year experienced a very disappointing time, to say the least, and yet in the first table published this season we find them at the head of the poll. Let not these wonderful "bursts off the mark" be taken too seriously, however. We had a taste of a good start with Leicestershire in the County Cricket Championship—a good start with



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to say sultry meteorological conditions, and the result is a state of discomfort, not alone to the players, but to the spectators also.

We have not seen much in the way of form as yet—that is to say, we have not seen sufficient to tell us exactly how the various clubs stand in relation to each other; but I think we can form a pretty useful estimate in regard to the big professional League clubs. It seems to me, by the way, that the day will soon be here when we shall not be put to the trouble of specifying teams as amateur or professional, for there is a decided tendency all over the country in favour of the latter system. In the Southern League, for instance, only three combinations still hold by the old order of things, these being Ilford, Clapton, and the Royal Ordnance. When we find this strange revolution in a place like London, the moral is not difficult to deduce, for the capital practically is the leading centre of amateurism.

In Division 1 of the Football League, the leading teams of last year are evidently once again destined to show up well. These are Sunderland and Aston Villa, and at present it certainly seems highly probable that the issue of the Championship will rest between these redoubtable organisations. The career of Sunderland since the starting of the club has been a veritable triumph, and, seeing how lackadaisical is the support accorded by the townspeople, the way Mr. Watson keeps his men together is remarkable, especially when it is borne in mind to what extent players are transferred and re-transferred from one club to another.

Sunderland have ever been lucky with their "purchases." Even

a disastrous finish. It will be found that the consistently successful clubs are not those which set the early bird twitting, but those which maintain a uniform steadiness throughout the season.

On paper, Aston Villa are undoubtedly the strongest team in the country, and yet, despite the fact that the English Cup-holders went off with two wins in succession, I cannot admit myself as sanguine that they are so brilliant as they have been painted. They only squeezed home against their old opponents and near neighbours, West Bromwich Albion, by a single goal, while, although no fewer than seven goals were put into the Small Heath net, three goals were given away, a fact which does not speak very highly for the defence. Still, it is early yet to say that the Villa has been overrated. Time will show whether this be so or not.

What a poor show Bury are making in the First League. Bury, it will be remembered, secured their place among the seniors by virtue of having beaten Liverpool in the "test" games, but he is a bold man who would dare to assert that Bury is a stronger club than Liverpool at the present time. True, Liverpool have been again relegated to the Second Division, but there is little doubt but that they will come out Champions of that class once more; and it is a question whether there is not more honour attaching to premiership in the Second Division than to the "wooden spoon" in the First.

I am afraid Woolwich Arsenal are not destined to seriously trouble the Liverpudlians. They opened well enough with a victory over

[Continued on page 463.]



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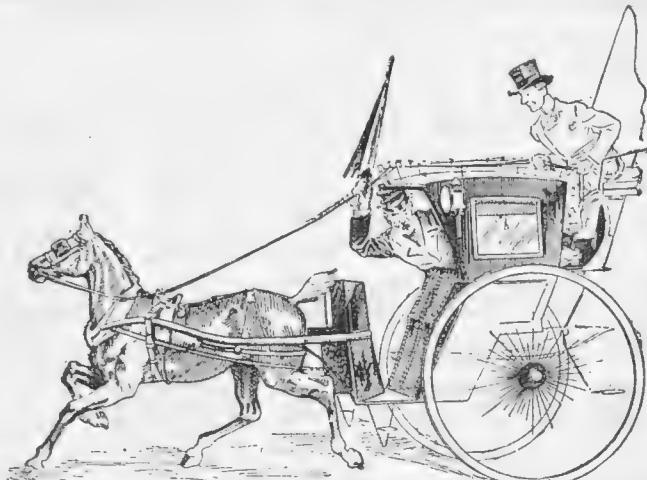


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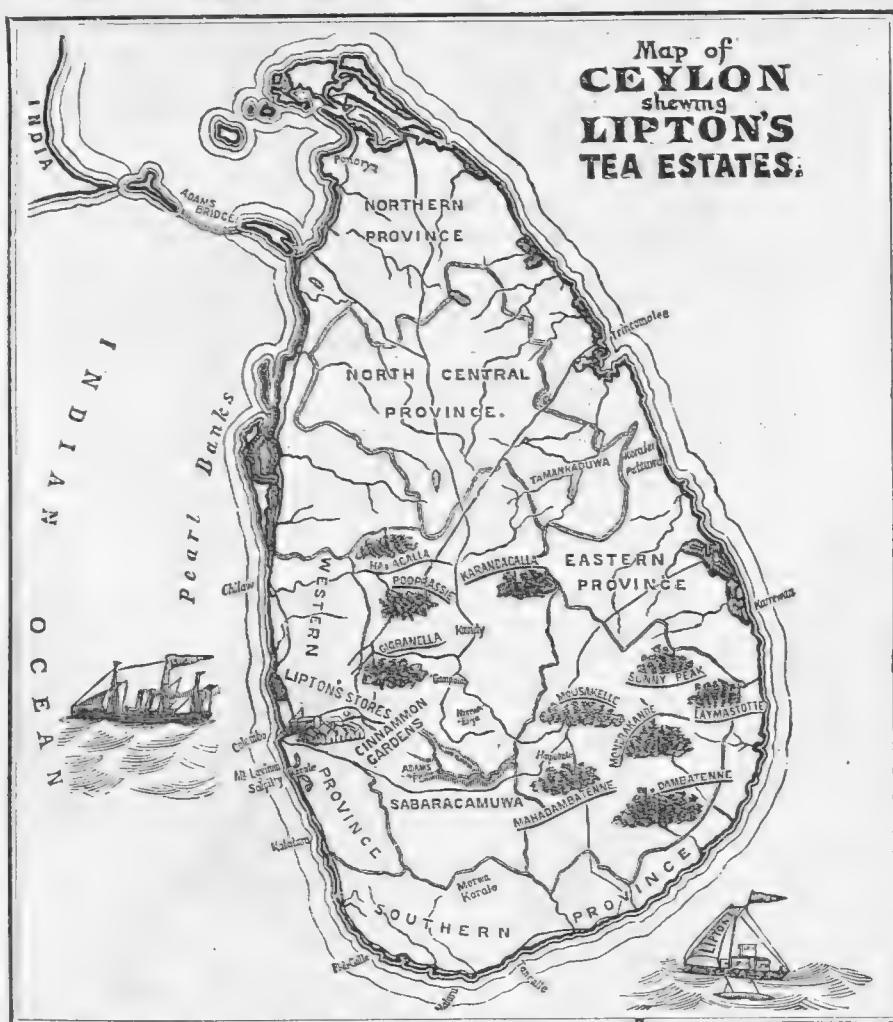
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Grimsby Town, but since then the Reds have bowed the knee to Manchester City at home, and did not cover themselves with glory at Millwall; though they managed to overcome the plucky Athletic easily enough, so far as figures are concerned. Caesar Jenkyns, the new captain, is undoubtedly a very good man, but of the others, Mills, an outside-right from Loughborough, alone struck me as possessing class. If wages go for anything, the Arsenal ought to have a great team—but they don't.

It has been definitely decided that there shall be no more football at the Oval. It is announced that this result was arrived at by a sweeping majority of the members, and, if this be so, all I can say is, the minds of the "sweeping majority" must have undergone considerable change since last a census on the point was taken.

I have no wish to go into the whole matter again here, but I would be lacking in my duty if I did not enter a strong protest against the proceeding by which the finest athletic-ground in the country is to be virtually closed for, on the whole, nine months of the year, for the paltry reason that the outfielding is spoiled for cricket. Outfielding, forsooth! What an important consideration, when there are thousands of South London people eager and willing to go to their favourite ground in Kennington on various Saturdays in the winter to see a game of football. What is wanted is a little outspokenness. I again repeat that the Oval is practically a public ground, and, as such, it is sheer impertinence to close it to the people when they want it open. I should like some particulars as to the method by which the ballot of members was taken.

CRICKET.

The last first-class match of the season has come and is gone, and we now know Stoddart's team which visited Australia to be infinitely superior to the Rest of England put together. This much must be taken from a perusal of the score-sheet, but one had to be present on the Hastings Recreation Ground, as I was, to know to what extent the figures should be taken as indicating the run of the play.

To tell the truth, I do not regard Mr. Stoddart's combination as anything like 218 runs better than the Rest of England. I have frequently said that, if you were to put two exceedingly strong teams in the field in opposition, the probability is you would get an easy victory, and that, perhaps, if a return game could be arranged, quite an opposite result might be arrived at. Cricket is such a terribly uncertain game!

To my way of looking at it, Mr. Stoddart's eleven was the superior in the attack—not, however, in the actual number of good bowlers on the side, but in the exceptional excellence of two of them. Richardson, universally regarded as the champion bowler of the world, finished up a phenomenally successful year with a marvellous achievement, for to take five such wickets for but twenty-one runs is a feat to be proud of.

With the bat, there was little in it either way. The only thing was, Mr. Stoddart's team came off, and the Rest of England did not—or rather, only a few of them did. Mr. F. G. J. Ford's century was a superb effort, an innings to live long in the minds of those fortunate enough to witness it. It was all the more gratifying to the crowd because it came from a free hitter; for, after all, nothing, not even scientific batting, appeals to the general public more than free hitting. Mr. Ford's display was not alone free—it was fearless, and it only impressed the more deeply upon us the fact that few cricketers are blessed with the bravery which fills the heart of the popular Middlesex amateur.

Mr. Mitchell's team in America are evidently enjoying a highly successful time, both cricketally and socially. All the same, I have a profound respect for the ability of our American cousins in the national game of England. If only they could bowl a bit better across the "pond," they would be really worth playing. As it is, the representatives of the Stars and Stripes are good batsmen—that merely. Mr. Mitchell's side is not particularly strong in the attack either, but they are easily doing sufficient for their purpose.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

I am informed that a joint race-meeting will be held at High Beech on Sept. 28, this being the closing day for the attempts on the Essex path-records for the various prizes on offer. The Essex Cycling Union will run off the final contest for the Armour-Vigoral Shield, the distance being five miles, while the Essex Racing Association will organise the record-attempts. A highly successful meeting should result. I am told, by the way, that the result of the Armour Shield will be ascertained by timing every man, the fastest to score first place. I am glad to notice, too, that no pacing will be allowed.

There is still a good deal of discussion as to the reason of the numerous important abstentions from the L.A.C. team which is now in America. The *Spirit of the Times* makes the following comments with reference to the statement that Bacon did not go because Bredin did not—

The simple facts are that Bredin naturally wished the team of which he was captain to fairly represent the amateur athletic strength of Great Britain, and this could not be done without including F. E. Bacon, the British amateur champion, and holder of the world's amateur record at running one mile. Bredin secured Bacon's election to the club, but when Bacon's standing as a gentleman was assailed in the newspapers, made the subject of public gossip and the source of club quarrels, Bredin was disgusted with such ill-timed snobbery, and withdrew from the team.

All I can add is, that Englishmen are heartily sick of the whole business, and that much of the importance which would otherwise have attached to the contest has been eliminated.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I had an interesting little chat with John Burns, a day or two back. I find the Member for Battersea; so far from being a spoilt-sport, is a good all-round sportsman, and he is quite enthusiastic over cricket, football, and all other pastimes. But what Mr. Burns objects to is the betting, which, he contends, demoralises sport, and he points to pedestrianism, professional bicycling, rowing, &c. I am glad to be able to announce that Mr. Burns is penning an article dealing with this particular phase of the subject for one of the magazines. It should be interesting reading.

Sir Visto, as I all along predicted, won the St. Leger very easily, and it is now more than evident that our three-year-olds are a moderate lot. I might substantiate this by adding that at the last Lewes Meeting, just before the race for the big Handicap, an ancient authority, pointing to Marco, said, "That's the animal that would make Sir Visto gallop." He was quite right, and I was glad to hear afterwards that he had eight ponies about Marco for the Lewes Handicap. I fancy Marco would beat Sir Visto easily over the St. Leger course.

Mr. Walker, who occupies the responsible position of manager at Sandown Park, is a familiar figure at our racecourses, and he is extremely popular with all classes of racegoers. He served his country as a soldier, and this may account for his being such a strict disciplinarian. Mr. Walker has a big responsibility in looking after the lovely course and estate at Esher, and it says much for his superior judgment when I add that the going is good at all times; and it can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the steeplechase course is one of the best in the kingdom. The Club arrangements are, too, of the very best, while the convenience of Royalty is studied down to the minutest particulars, which may, in a measure, account for the Prince of Wales being so often present at the Sandown meetings. Mr. Walker is fond of sport. He is partial to shooting, and often joins a certain noble lord's party in the North of England, where he is appreciated as an entertaining raconteur. I hope soon to be able to congratulate Mr. Walker and others concerned on their decision to build a new stand at Sandown, which will make it one of the most perfect courses in England.

The acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps are highly satisfactory, and I think we shall have a busy wind-up to a busy season. Backers naturally favour the chance of Florizel II. for the long race. The Prince of Wales's horse is a smasher. Indeed, Mr. Dwyer, the American owner, has given it as his opinion that the Prince's horse is the best he has seen perform in England. It would be the irony of fate if the race were won by Banquet II., who, on paper, has a chance second to none. This horse is now being trained privately by Parker, at Winchester.

The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, be the best betting race of the year, unless another Foxhall, Rosebery, or Plaisanterie be found in the Cesarewitch to spoil the handicap. The Cambridgeshire is a popular event with backers and layers alike, because, as a rule, all are tryers. If Best Man has come back to form, he might carry the top weight to victory, but I doubt his being able to give three stone away to some of the animals at the bottom of the list. Just now I like the chances of Harfleur II. and Lord Drummond. The latter is gradually running into his old form.

I hear from fairly good people that the jockey ring is going very strong now. If this be so, and the guilty parties are found out, I hope they will be warned off for good and all. I think the official starter to the Jockey Club ought to keep a record of those jockeys who, in his opinion, did not try to get off well when the white flag fell. This record ought to be at the service of all the handicappers. If any jockey repeated the dose, he ought to be dealt with in summary fashion. I could never quite make out why any jockey found doing any wrong on the Turf could not be punished by the law of the land.

Perhaps it is necessary that many young sprigs of nobility with great expectations should race under assumed names, but I do object to bookmakers who may want to race horses being allowed to hide their identity, and, as far as possible, I always out with the secret directly I get hold of it. In my opinion, professional layers ought not to be allowed to run horses at all. They should be satisfied with the profits of their ordinary business—no mean profits either, by-the-bye. It will be a bad day for racing when the sport is controlled by the ring, although this is not likely to happen in our time.



MR. WALKER.

Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

"Bogey" has done one entirely good thing, which no captious critics can take away from him—he has introduced us to a lovely gown, which is worn by the lovely Miss Ethel Matthews; and so, though otherwise the play is very simply dressed, we may be well content at having discovered this one good thing in the way of a gown. Let me bring before you, therefore, with the help of our sketch, a plain skirt of some



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS IN "BOGEY."

soft, white woollen fabric, falling in great pleats at the sides, and girdled at the waist by a sash-band of palest blue-and-white striped satin, loosely knotted in front and with broad scarf-ends falling almost to the knees in a very quaint and effective fashion. The same arrangement is carried out on the bodice, where another knotted scarf appears beneath the deep sailor-collar, which has for its adornment an appliquéd band of cream guipure and a frilled edging of accordion-pleated lace of a finer quality. The loose front of the bodice is adorned with three large mother-of-pearl buttons, and, in shape, is broad at the waist, narrowing as it reaches the collar—an inversion of the usual order of things, which I should not altogether advise you to copy, however, in spite of its quaintness, for, upon the average figure, it would have a trying and by no means becoming effect. Miss Matthews is one of the few women who can afford to be eccentric. The concluding items—the sleeves—are a distinctly notable feature, points of guipure appliquéd and sundry buttons being employed in their adornment. This gown once finished with, and there remains very little to chronicle—merely for Miss Matthews a grass-lawn skirt, worn with a bodice of white silk, trimmed and almost covered with some yellowish guipure; and last of all, a cloudy grey dress, with crêpe for the plain skirt, and gathered chiffon with collar and belt of white satin for the bodice, a full-blown yellow rose, which is fastened at the waist, proving once more how lovely a combination of colour is formed by grey and yellow, if only the shades are chosen with discretion, and for the sake of their soft and not startling beauty.

As for Miss Eva Moore, she has proved that it is possible for a girl who has attained to the grown-up age to look perfectly natural and charming in the short skirts which belonged to the first year or two of her teens; but, then, it must be remembered that at all times there is something childishly fresh and sweet about Miss Moore's piquant prettiness. She has three sweet little frocks: first, a grass-lawn, made in pinafore style, over a yoke of grass-green silk, the skirt showing a green lining under its embroidered surface, while the bodice is trimmed with a pinked-out ruche in the green. For the Second Act there is a forget-me-not-blue crêpe, with a deep collar and cuffs of string-coloured guipure; and then, last of all, another crêpe frock, this time in rosy-pink, which is dependent for its adornment on rows of black velvet baby ribbon, finished with rosettes.

Nor must I omit to chronicle the fact that sweet "Miss Minden," with her waved silvery locks crowned by a dainty lace cap, and clad, first, in a soft grey brocade, with steel buttons and soft draperies of white lace on the bodice, and then in black silk, with a fichu of creamy lace, is a model of how a dainty old lady should dress, and should be studied carefully by those who try to ape youthful fashions when their own youth has been dead and buried for many a long day, the result being distinctly painful to all onlookers.

And now we must wait for Sir Augustus Harris to reveal to us the glories of the first really notable stage-dresses of the season, for, candidly speaking, the gowns which one has been able to see at the theatres this last month have been distinctly disappointing, and not at all striking or original. Perhaps it is due to the fact that a good many of those who devote themselves to the making of garments for our adornment are chary of committing themselves to any pronounced style as yet, though, on the other hand, I have been able to discover, by dint of searching, some distinctly "previous" models in gowns and cloaks, and though the former are, on the whole, charming, some of the latter fill me with dismay.

Picture yourself, for instance, in a mantle of the redingote shape, fashioned of black velvet, the back falling in a Watteau pleat, while the front, which makes no pretence of fitting, opens over full, straightly hanging folds of wine-coloured satin, slightly held in at the waist by a deep gold ceinture studded with turquoises. The sides, of the velvet, are embroidered in steel and jet, and the same glittering trimming holds in the fulness of the sleeves until the shoulders have been left far behind,



and then at collar and wrists there is an edging of curled black ostrich feathers—a trimming, by the way, which is being largely used on all the smartest new gowns and capes for wear during the next six weeks. But as for this cloak, regally handsome as it is, it requires a Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Bernard Beere to do it justice, and to rise superior to its trying shapelessness, for the average woman would be crushed by it, almost as

[Continued on page 457.]

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much as by a walking-costume of soft green cloth, which had a tiny coat bodice, much adorned with an appliquéd design of tan and darker green cloth, and opening over a loosely pleated Princess front, held in just below the neck by a series of straps and buttons, and then falling in unchecked looseness to the feet. Here, again, a ruffling of black feather



trimming finished the throat and wrists, and the hat which was prepared to crown this creation was, I must tell you, of royal-blue velvet, with many black ostrich plumes nodding high above the waved brim and square crown.

But there are compensations, and you can steer clear of such extreme modes in order to indulge, for instance, in a perfect dress of stone-grey cloth, the bodice terminating just below the waist-line in a number of leaf-shaped points, each one fastened with a tiny steel button. This was one notable novelty in it, but, chief of all, was a great sable collar, cut out in four scallops, one over each shoulder, and one both at the back and in the front, this cosy and exceedingly *chic* addition to the costume being held in place by braces of the cloth, buttoned on the shoulders, and terminating, an inch or two below the bodice, in square tabs. If such a dress were in process of making for me, I firmly believe that I should look with injured impatience on every sunny and mild day which came between me and the wearing of my treasure-trove, for the woman who first appeared in it would be the proud and happy creator of a sensation.

As for the Princess gown, it is strong enough to stand alone now, without the friendly holding-up and moral and physical patting on the back of its god-mother, Dame Fashion, and her aides-de-camp. Up to the present, I have had a consuming desire to give this particular débutante a push back into oblivion, but this week it has come to me so cleverly disguised that my aversion melted away before the charm of a darkest grey cloth, bordered at the foot with a handsome embroidery in jet, and combined with ruby-coloured velvet. The latter material formed a fichu-like arrangement, which crossed the bodice in front and fastened at each side of the waist, just where the plain line of the bodice merged into the full, outstanding side-pleats of the skirt—pleats which, by means of their clever arrangement, saved one from the awful effects of the sheath-like "Princess" robe of the days gone by. And my final conquest was achieved by an upstanding velvet collar, which was continued into square epaulettes, these, in their turn, merging into full sleeves. I do not profess to guess at the secret which enabled this complicated arrangement to be cut all in one piece. I simply looked upon it and saw that it was good. I also saw prepared for the completion of this toilette a huge velvet hat, with nodding plumes as trimming.

These velvet hats are to be our fate this season, and a very pleasant one, too; for nothing forms such a becoming setting to the face as the soft beauty of velvet, and feathers, too, have a style all their own if arranged by a clever hand. The shape of our headgear promises to be fantastic, as witness one of the latest creations of Mr. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, which certainly has the advantage of novelty. The flat brim is formed of a series of points, and slopes downwards at the left side in a manner which is calculated to make a pretty face look positively

bewitching. A bow of exquisite ribbon, in delicate rose-pink, brocaded with a white-and-green floral design, is tied at the left side, and high above it wave three ostrich-tips in shaded brown and white, all fastened together at the base with a huge diamond-and-pearl buckle, while underneath the brim, nestling against the hair, a tiny ostrich-tip and a twist of ribbon are arranged with consummate art. This is a distinctly typical hat for the forthcoming season, as is also the other one which I have had sketched for you, which is in the more modest combination of dark-green felt and black velvet, this latter forming the crown, round which goes a wreath of black-petaled roses, the brim, in its turn, being edged with a ruche of crinkled black velvet. As for the back, it is entirely taken up by a huge bow of green satin ribbon of almost sash-like dimensions, fastened down in the centre with a huge double ornament in pearls and diamonds, half of which drops down over the hair at the back, while the other half rests on the crown. I have not yet decided in my own mind whether I prefer the velvet in conjunction with felt, or unaided by any other material. The best way out of the difficulty is to get a hat of each kind, such as those with which Mr. Peter Robinson has provided you, then we can be sure of suiting our varying moods. Or does your affection hover over a toque? If so, I saw a most desirable one, of rose-pink velvet patterned with a tiny square in black, the round crown gathered at the base and the tiny brim caught up into full puffs. Four black tips and the seemingly inevitable diamond-and-pearl buckle appeared as trimming on the left side, which all goes to prove that feathers and jewels—or their counterfeit presents—must needs appear on our autumn millinery, let it be toque hat or bonnet, so we had better begin to save up our pin-money for these charming but somewhat extravagant luxuries.

FLORENCE.

TOM SULLIVAN.

A tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking young fellow, Tom Sullivan is the very antithesis of the popular conception of either a publican or a professional oarsman, both of which capacities, however, he manages to fill as landlord of the Rutland Hotel, Hammersmith, and ex-Champion Sculler of England. Born in Auckland, N.Z., on Sept. 18, 1869, he may be supposed to have had an hereditary instinct for aquatics, as he is the son of a retired sea-captain. He began rowing at the rather early age of seven, when, his parents having moved to Waiwera, he often combined pleasure with business by rowing to school. Before he was fourteen, he had rowed and won his first race, and the prize on that occasion, a silver watch, he cherishes to this day. On leaving school, he was apprenticed for four years, as a designer and draughtsman, to a firm of ship-builders, and during this term rowed as an amateur for the North Shore R.C., carrying off the New Zealand Amateur Sculling Championship, and also, for two years in succession, rowed in the winning crew for the Championship "fours," "pairs," and "double sculls." His apprenticeship up, he went into a Government office in Wellington, where he designed and superintended the building of boats for the Government, and also studied submarine mining and torpedo work. His first professional race was in April, 1891, with Bubear, on the Nepean River, when, being anything but well, he lost. Soon after, he met and defeated Stephenson on the Parramatta; and, in May of the same year, avenged his first defeat by winning easily from Bubear on the Nepean, making a record for that course. A month later, he defeated C. Dutch on the Parramatta, in the marvellously fast time of 18 min. 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. He then challenged Stansbury for the Championship of the World. The race was rowed on the Parramatta in May, 1892, when Stansbury, after a fine struggle, won in the record time of 17 min. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Sullivan then came over to England, and, after training

Mr. G. E. B. Kennedy for the Diamonds and Wingfields, defeated Bubear for the Championship in September, 1893. His defeats by Harding in the early part of this year, and again a week or two ago, are matters of history, but everyone who has the pleasure of knowing "Tom" will wish him better luck next time.



SULLIVAN AND HIS TRAINER, STEPHENSON.

Photo by Mr. Prior.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 14, 1895.

A very heavy account has been got through, but not altogether without difficulty. Although the quantity of gold at the banks is unprecedented, more than a few punters in the Mining market found it very difficult to borrow any of it. This resolute "shaking out" of the weak operators for the rise, though unpleasant for the individuals, is a healthy sign. It shows that the strong hands can afford to despise the assistance of these knock-kneed supporters.

Consols, Colonials, and all "gilt-edged" securities that can be easily turned into money continue in demand, because there are large sums of money being resolutely kept in hand, "waiting for the slump." These stocks being forced up to abnormal prices, the flow of investment moneys has been diverted into the Home Railway market, in which the rise has been so great that there is hardly a single stock that is not too dear.

Internationals, though not all so dreadfully high, are mostly quite high enough. There are not many bargains in that market.

In South America there are still some cheap bargains, though most of our favourites have risen a good deal since we first recommended them. Argentine Great Western 4 per cent. first debenture stock seems to us as safe, for all practical purposes, as the debenture stock of many English railways, and it could actually have been bought at about 76 a few months ago. Even now it can be obtained at a price that will pay 4½ per cent. The 6 per cent. second debenture stock, though, of course, not so safe, is cheap enough at 82, and will probably see better prices as the trade of the country improves. The enormous and increasing output of gold must tend to steady the value of silver, and thus assist silver-using countries like the Argentine, and, if she would really make an honest effort to put her finances on a sound and reasonable footing, all the Argentine railways would improve.

The one absolutely flat market is the American, and that is probably the one in which the best bargains can be picked up; but American Rails, being made primarily to carry, not freight, but bonds, are all at present under great and indiscriminating suspicion by English investors. This, however, will pass. A few months ago English investors preferred the most rickety 4 and 4½ per cent. English brewery debentures at par to the absolutely secured 6 per cent. debentures of American breweries, like the United States and the New England, at about 85; but to-day the United States Brewery's debentures stand at about 115, and even the 5 per cent. Frank Jones debentures are little, if anything, under par. Almost the only really cheap ones left are those of the New York Breweries Company, and, before long, they will be almost as dear and quite as difficult to get as the others.

In spite of the settlement, or perhaps, trusting to its hurry to cover a multitude of sins, there have been even more than the average number of issues in the Mining market, and seldom has it been our lot to review a more rickety lot of colts.

Except "Menzies Golden Age," and, perhaps, "Consort Deep-level," we could not honestly recommend any of the lot, and, if nothing better can be said for them than is said in their prospectuses, they are a poor lot.

The important company to develop a great territory in German South Africa, referred to in *The Sketch* of the 4th instant, is registered, and will be out about the 21st. It is called "South African Territories, Limited." We are not at liberty to state more, but we fear the amount of the issue will be insufficient to satisfy all applicants, and those wanting to secure a share had better buy in the market—as soon as there is a market—if they can get what they want at a moderate premium. Please tell your numerous friends, who have written asking us to get them allotments, that we will endeavour to send them early copies of the prospectus. We will also try to get allotments for all those on our list who think proper to apply, but we can take no other responsibility either legal or moral. We are not making the issue. As yet we have not even seen the prospectus, so applicants must apply entirely on their own judgment, not on ours. It must also be clearly understood that it is impossible for us to hold out hopes of full, or even large allotments.

The untimely death yesterday, from diabetes, of Mr. F. A. Thompson, the able chairman of the West Australian Exploring and Finance Company, will be a sad loss to that company, and to mining company circles generally. He was only thirty-eight.

The announcement that the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation is going to pay off another £25,000 of their prior lien debentures (reducing those outstanding to £185,000) will be good news for the holders of the A debentures. There is no doubt that these A debentures are a very good security, and, in fact, there is not much amiss with the Bs.

South Larcombe is still suffering from that eternal want of pence which vexes public men—and companies. Once more the hat—we beg pardon, the profit-sharing-debenture prospectus—is going round. The present distribution of these precious documents is mostly confined to investors of the spinster-aunt and careful-curate type. We earnestly hope that these precious debentures have not gone "up the spout," but we notice, with a sigh, that the applications have to go to "The United Share and Debenture Trust, Limited," of 4, St. Mary Axe, E.C., a valuable "Trust" which does not appear in the last edition of the "Stock Exchange Year-Book," but which may possibly be "uncle" to the flourishing Slate Quarries of South Larcombe.

We have received from the *African Review* an excellent map of the Witwatersrand Gold-fields, clearly printed and coloured, and, so far as we can judge, exceedingly accurate. A good map of this kind is

indispensable to anyone interested in the network of mining properties in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE MENZIES GOLDEN AGE MINE, LIMITED, with a capital of £100,000, has been formed to acquire and work the Golden Age Mine in the Menzies district of the Coolgardie Gold-fields, which appears to have been tested and examined with exceptional care and thoroughness, and, if it fails to turn out an exceptionally rich and prosperous mine, all we can say is that the opinions of experts are absolutely valueless.

THE WESTRALIAN GOLD PROPERTIES, LIMITED, with a capital of £50,000, calmly asks the British public to find £49,950 on the terms that the remaining £50 (which magnificent sum has "been subscribed for, and will be paid up in cash") is to take half of all the profits after 10 per cent. per annum on the shares offered to the British public—in other words, the British public are to find practically all the money for the gamble, and to bear practically all the losses, while the promoter and those "in the swim" with him (occupying a position of greater freedom and practically no responsibility) absolutely stand on velvet, having nothing (except £50) to lose, and everything to gain. We advise our readers to consign this prospectus to the waste-paper basket.

THE ARROW PROPRIETARY GOLD MINES (W. A.), LIMITED, with a capital of £135,000, proposes to sink £115,000 of it in forty-eight acres of land in the Broad Arrow District of the Coolgardie Gold-fields, on the strength of a report from a certain Captain William Oats, on which, for our part, we would not risk 115,000 farthings. How much freer some people are with other people's money than with their own!

THE CONSOFT DEEP-LEVEL GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is brought out with a capital of £120,000 by the Mines Acquisition and Development Company, to purchase for £80,000 twenty-four claims in the Kaap District of the Transvaal adjoining the Consort Consolidated Gold-mines, and it seems certain that both the latter's reefs dip into the property of the company, on which an independent reef has also been found.

THE BECHUANALAND RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, offers £900,000 of 5 per cent. debentures and debenture stock to enable the railway, now completed from Vryburg to Mafeking, to be extended 500 miles further to Buluwayo. Interest is guaranteed for twenty years by the "Chartered" Company, but for four years it may be paid in debenture stock instead of cash. There seems no great "catch" in the investment.

THE MINER'S DREAM GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, proposes to buy, for £105,000, 46½ acres, 25 miles north of Coolgardie. It is a long price, and the scale of the map is so small, and the extracts from the reports so fragmentary, that it is very difficult to form an opinion of the property, or to distinguish between "the Main Reef," "the Ironstone Lode," "the Gladstone Reef," "the Quartz Lode," "a very rich iron-stone vein," &c. Probably many of these names refer to the same thing, but it is impossible to say. It may be a good mine, but certainly it is a bad prospectus.

CENTRAL WEALTH OF NATIONS, LIMITED, with a capital of £160,000, proposes to sink £110,000 in buying some claims on the south side of the Wealth of Nations Mine. No sufficient development has taken place to ascertain the true value of the property, and, in our judgment, it is quite unreasonable to ask £110,000 for it in its present condition, though the shares were to-day "put" at a big premium.

THE STRAY SHOT AND EXCELSIOR GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, with a capital of £80,000, proposes to pay £65,000 for two small leases (ten acres together) at Marble Bar, Pilbara, called the Stray Shot and the Excelsior. We are afraid that those who have worked the first have "picked the eyes out" of the mine, there being no return of any crushing since June 12, and there appears absolutely no evidence at all that the other is worth a single farthing.

CHRISTMAS REEF (RHODESIA) DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, is to come out next week with a capital of £100,000, but the property is in such an out-of-the-way district that we should advise leaving it alone. We fear it will require far more capital than the company can spare to get machinery up to Christmas Reef and work the mines there.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEST.—(1) Up to quite recently, this has been regarded as pretty much a fraud, but just lately it has been spoken rather better of in the market. There has, however, been so much touting in regard to the concern that it is necessarily open to a certain amount of suspicion. (2) Please send us the prospectus of this company, or its present address, and the date when it came out. There are two or three companies with similar names, and we cannot be quite certain which is the one to which you refer.

H. B. T.—You do not send us the secretary's letter, but, so far as we can judge, this is hardly a case of a board of directors confiscating shares. It seems to us probable that the company in which you hold shares has gone into liquidation, and that the assets of the company have been sold to another company on the terms of some contract. If this is so, and if that contract has been legally carried out and approved by the requisite majorities, we think probably you are bound by the terms of that contract, whether you consider those terms reasonable or unreasonable.

S.—It is hardly a security to sleep upon. There is an enormous amount of "water" in the capital, and the company can only pay its present dividends by treating its customers, the public, so extremely badly, and charging them so exorbitantly, that, sooner or later, there is almost sure to be a row.

J. J. G.—(1 and 2) Better hold for the present. Repeat your inquiry in a month's time. (3) We do not much like the people mixed up with these. We think Burbank's Birthday Gift cheaper at 25s. than either of these at 14s. or 15s.

J. R. O.—Letter received too late for us to answer at large this week. We will reply to it next week.